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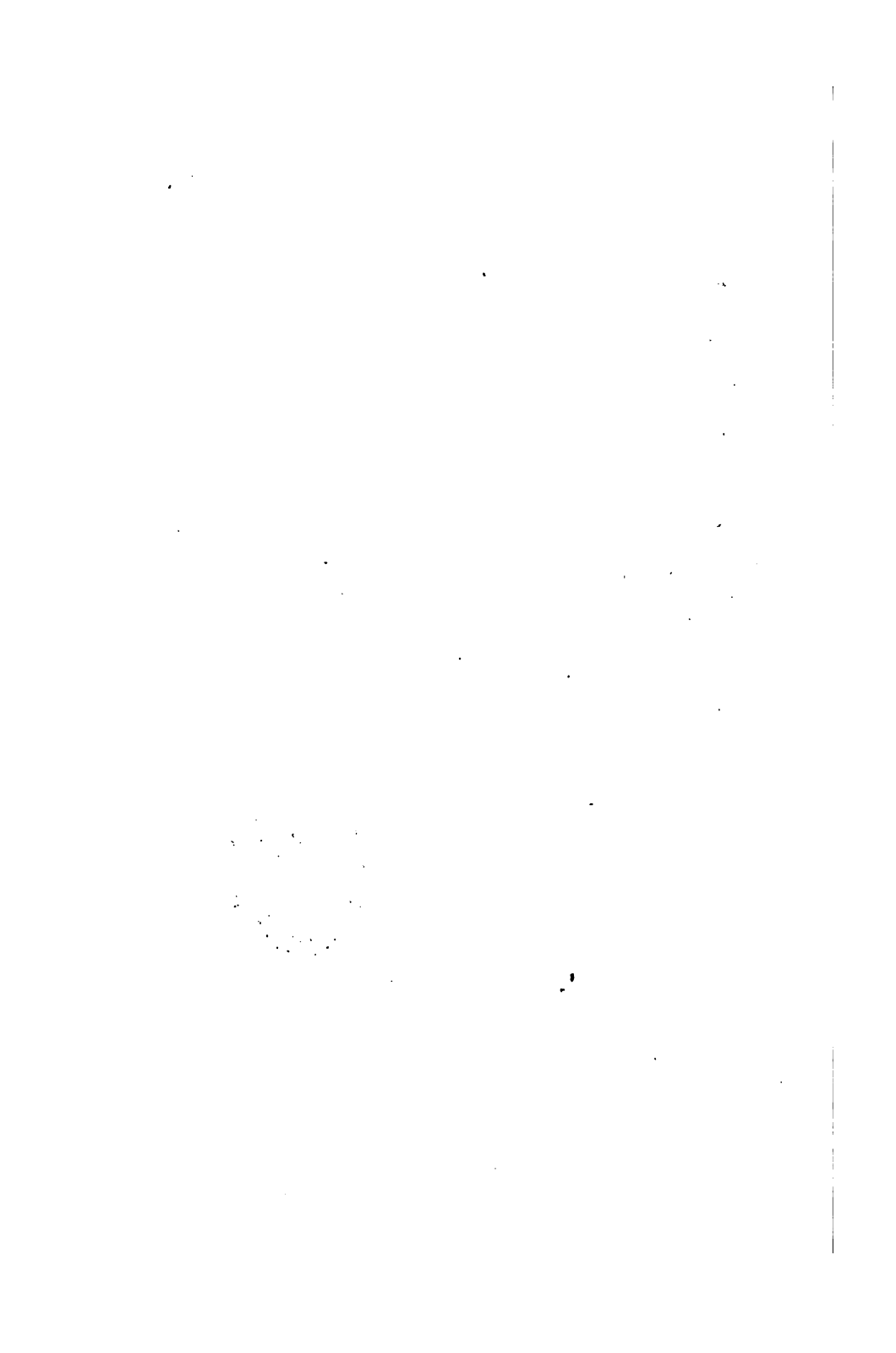




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THE PENNANT FAMILY.

VOL. I.



THE PENNANT FAMILY.

BY

ANNE BEALE,

AUTHOR OF

"FAY ARLINGTON,"

"SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION,"

&c. &c.

"Upon that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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THE PENNANT FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

CRAIGAVON CASTLE.

THE Castle of Craigavon was an imposing structure on the Welsh coast. It was situated on a rocky promontory called the Megin, nearly a hundred feet above the sea, and dominated to right and left the bays of Ogof and Ton. The names were significant: Megin, or bellows, blowing the Ton, or wave, through the Ogof, or cavern, hollowed beneath the Castle by the persistent attacks of the sea. As the bays were

deeply indented, the promontory stretched far out into mid-ocean, and the situation of the Castle was, consequently, singularly wild and romantic. Towering cliffs, coloured like the rainbow, surrounded the bays, from the summit of which lofty hills rose skyward. Although the Castle itself was almost bare of vegetation, fields and woods appeared where the promontory joined the mainland ; and the Lord of Craigavon ruled, not only the sea, but the hill-side. He was, literally, "monarch of all he surveyed."

It was said that Craigavon Castle originally belonged to a British king, but that, as time went on, a Norman knight gained possession of it, from whom the present Earl was descended. He, as Lord of the Manor, received not only tenths and tithings from his tenants, but the waifs and strays cast up by the sea. As the coast was notorious for

the horrible practice of wrecking vessels, these waifs formed a considerable portion of his income. There were quicksands not far from Ton Bay, which were certain destruction to any ship that struck on them; therefore, before philanthropists built light-houses and established lifeboats, the Lord of the Manor gathered a fine harvest from the perilous sea.

And the sea at that particular spot was generally perilous. Besides the quicksands, there were great rocks hidden beneath its treacherous breast, which were as sure, as the jaws of the fabled monsters of old, to break up or engulph the unfortunate vessels that happened upon them. It was a playground of demons visible and invisible. The visible demons were the wreckers, who allured by false lights the ships' crews to death; the invisible, the devil and his angels urging on the visible.

On a dark night, years ago, a storm brooded over the Megin and its bays. The Castle faced the west, and, while deep in shadow itself, looked upon the last rays of a lurid sunset. More than one vessel was dimly visible on the perturbed horizon, and an occasional flickering streak of light showed that they were tossed about in the distant waves. People were watching in some of the Castle windows until the sun went down and "darkness settled on the face of the deep;" then an uncertain gleam flickered here and there from the frowning towers, until darkness veiled them also.

But there was a moving light upon the cliffs. This was not unfrequently seen there of a stormy night; and the Welsh, then a more superstitious people than now, believed it to be a corpse-candle—a portentous sort of *ignis fatuus*, that presaged the death of some dweller amongst the mountains. It cer-

tainly flitted strangely from place to place, seeming most conspicuous on the elevated and dangerous points. Although the night was threatening, the storm still kept at a distance, an occasional far-off peal of thunder, with its messenger flash of lightning, being its precursors. It was curious to see the meteor flit about, and difficult to imagine what it would appear to the crews of the distant ships.

At last the storm came down, but the heavy rain did not extinguish the corpse-candle; and such peasants, farmers, or fishermen as chanced either to be abroad, or to glance from their houses, would silently wonder which of them was next to be borne to the old churchyard in the glen. As the tempest increased, the waves rose higher and higher, dashing with impotent fury against the impregnable rocks, and bounding through the great caverns under-

neath the Castle, which they had themselves excavated.

In a momentary lull of the storm, there came a signal of distress from the sea. Another and another sounded through the dreary darkness. Minute-gun on minute-gun echoed with the echoing thunder, and, without timely aid, it was evident that the ship whence they came was doomed.

Meanwhile, the wandering light on the cliff became stationary, as if in confirmation of the superstition respecting it. A sudden flash of lightning revealed a ship battling with the waves, beneath the cliffs and near the quicksands, opposite the glare of the meteor, which presaged the death of many instead of one, and had possibly drawn towards it the ill-fated vessel. But no sooner were cries of distress audible from the sea than it moved again. It now went steadily onwards over the cliffs towards

Craigavon Castle, disappearing when it neared the promontory, where the cliff path terminated the road that led to the Castle ; but re-appearing from time to time as the road ascended or descended. The prophetic gleam was pitiless indeed, for, just as a shrill cry of despair echoed across the bay, it vanished into the great quadrangular battlemented court of the Castle, leaving behind, around, above, and beneath, the utter darkness of night.

CHAPTER II.

THE TEMPEST.

WHILE the storm was raging, the inmates of Brynhafod, or the Hill Farm, were engaged in reading the Bible. Old Farmer Pennant sat at a round table in the chimney-corner, with the Book of Life before him. He was a hale man, though over seventy, and if his hair was white, his voice was still clear, and he read without spectacles. His daughter-in-law was seated opposite, her knitting in her lap, her head slightly bent, her eyes closed. She was dozing under the influence of a huge

wood fire, that flamed and crackled on the hearth. Her husband, Young Farmer Pennant, as he was called, sat erect on the corner of a settle, opposite his father, a grave, attentive look on his fine face. Caradoc and Michael Pennant, their sons, were near their mother, on low stools in the chimney-corner, the arm of the elder placed protectingly round the neck of the younger. Marget, a middle-aged servant, in Welsh costume, with a high beaver hat surmounting her snow-white cap and pinnars, sat bolt upright, her eyes fixed like pole-stars on the reader. She was at the extreme end of the settle, nearly opposite the fire. Close to her, in an old-fashioned arm-chair, was Benhadad, the farm-man, and at his right, Benjamin, the plough-boy—known as Big Ben and Little Ben—who both slept at the farm.

When the weather was tempestuous, Old

Farmer Pennant always chose the hundred and seventh psalm. Just as he read the words, "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end," Caradoc started from his seat, exclaiming,

"The gun! Grandfather, I hear the gun!"

"Let us pray!" said the old man, interrupting himself in his reading, and kneeling down.

All the family knelt with him.

"Lord have mercy on those who go down to the sea in ships. Make the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof be still," he prayed, in the fine, ancient language of his country. Then, rising from his knees, he added, "Now, come with me all of you, except the women and Michael."

"Oh, grandfather, let me go also!" pleaded Michael.

"Thou art too young and too delicate, my lad," was the reply; and Michael shrank behind his mother.

"Let them go without you to-night, father; it is such a tempest!" said Mrs. Pennant.

"I am well and hearty," was the rejoinder, as men and boys hurried in search of lanterns.

"Heart alive! mistress, you may as well try to move the nether millstone," ejaculated Marget, as she brought a great coat and insisted on putting it on the old master.

They all went from the large, warm, light hall into the cold, dark passage. The wind and rain burst in as they opened the door, and with them the echo of the distress-signal. The men went out into the night, leaving the women and Michael on the door-sill.

"Ah! there it is! Look, mistress!

See you the corpse-candle down yonder by the Castle? They'll all be lost! Lord a'mercy upon us! They are lost, for the candle has gone out!" cried Marget, in breathless terror.

Mr. David Pennant, Caradoc, and little Ben hurried through the silent garden and farmyard, followed by the old farmer and the man. Although even darkness was not visible, they knew their way too well to miss it.

"Moses! Shon! Come out! Bring the ropes!" they shouted, like Stentors through the storm, as they passed the hut where the carter and shepherd—two brothers—dwelt together.

These men were soon on their track, for they were well accustomed to similar calls. The farm was a surer haven for shipwrecked mariners than the inhospitable bays.

"Where is Gwylfa?" asked Mr. David Pennant.

"He was off with the storm, father; he never waits for the gun," replied Caradoc.

"The Earl will have fine spoil to-night. I'm afraid the vessel is on the quicksands, and we shall be of no use," said David Pennant, stumbling down the rocky path. "I wish his lordship would give us a decent road, and we should have a better chance of saving life; but he thinks of nothing but saving money. How dark it is!—and how it pours!"

"Hark! father; I heard a cry. We shall be too late!" said Caradoc.

On they went by the dim light of four lanterns, while the storm came heavily down. The almost impassable mountain-road led to Ton Bay. An occasional flash of lightning revealed the rocks on either side, and the roar of the sea below mingled

with the howl of the storm. It was an awful night.

“God help them!” ejaculated the old farmer—“but sailors are better prepared than most of us. Ben, Moses, we must all be ready for death!”

“Yes, sir,” replied the two men, who were on either side of their master, lanterns in their hands, the light of which scarcely guided them over the stones.

When the first detachment reached the bay it was dark as Erebus. The lanterns barely served to show the fury of the waves as they leapt up the cliffs and promontory, and dashed like an invading army of wild horsemen into the bay. Some huge creature suddenly jumped upon Caradoc.

“Gwylfa! All right, old boy. What have you found?” said the lad.

It was a large Newfoundland dog, trained

to save life, when possible, and named "Gwylfa," or "Watch." He and his young master were close to the waves in a moment. The horn lantern was turned towards the beach in the vain hope of finding a human being, while the dog sat watching the sea.

"Let us climb the cliffs, father," cried Caradoc; and father and son, each with a light, mounted a dangerous rocky path, and stood with their lanterns extended as beacons towards the open sea.

A sudden flash of lightning showed them a mast and part of a sail in the offing.

"She is on the quicksands! and there is a light in my lord's tower," said David Pennant, in a hoarse voice. "We must watch for the boat. Go down and send up Big Ben; he is taller than thou, and can hold the lantern higher."

Caradoc obeyed, and, while the two men

held the dim signals aloft, rejoined Gwylfa on the beach.

It would be difficult to say how long they watched silently, while the tempest continued to rage around. Mr. Pennant and Ben, up the cliff, sheltered by a ledge of rock, more than once thought they saw a boat on the crest of a wave, while the old farmer and the other servants, under cover of a cave, imagined cries of distress.

A sudden bark, and Gwylfa was in the sea, struggling with the waves and the darkness. Caradoc ran to the cave to call forth the men with the ropes.

"He has seen something!" cried the lad, hurrying back.

There was a momentary lull, and the clouds parted above the bay. A faint gleam of moonlight appeared between, and showed Gwylfa on the crest of a wave with something in his mouth. The sea raged up

the beach and tore back again, the dog still battling with the waves. The envious clouds reclosed, and all was again darkness.

“Have mercy, O Lord !” ejaculated the old farmer, while Caradoc stood breathless with suspense, holding his light aloft, and the others shouted, “ Courage, Gwylfa ! Halloo, good dog ! Here we are !” as if the fine fellow had ears of Midas.

Five minutes appeared five hours ; but God heard the old man’s prayer and guarded the adventurous Caradoc, who, in his eagerness, had advanced too near the waves, as if to let his dim light pierce through them, and was covered with foam and lifted off his feet. He felt himself knocked down, and in another moment was conscious that Gwylfa must have done it while striving to land. He regained his footing while the big wave receded, and he and the dog again stood together on the

beach. Both retreated for safety. Caradoc felt a paw on his shoulder, and then knew that Gwylfa had sunk down breathless while dropping something at his feet. But he had lost his lantern.

The thunder rolled overhead, and kindled the lightning by the friction of his chariot-wheels. Successive flashes darted across the beach, and revealed to Caradoc something white. He raised it with a sort of tender terror. By this time the others had come with their lanterns, and, as they gathered round the boy, the feeble glimmer, together with the fitful lightning, showed the white face of a child.

One of the men instantly took some sort of woollen shawl from beneath his outer garment, and wrapped it round the little limbs.

"I can carry him," said the boy, reso-

lutely, and was on the way to the farm before the others knew it.

He was followed by one of the men, who could not, however, overtake him. Happily he knew the road as well by night as day, and even took a path across a field to shorten distance. The storm was abating, and the moon struggling to light him, as he bore his burden bravely through the night.

He burst in upon his mother and Marget with the words, "It is not dead!—it is warming!—take it, mother! The big tub—the boiler—hot water!" Then he sat down exhausted on the settle.

Mrs. Pennant received the flannel bundle, while Marget ran to Caradoc.

"Ach, they'll all be killing themselves!" said Marget angrily. "Take this posset, and go to bed directly."

Caradoc drank a portion of some steaming mixture that Marget took from the

hearth, roused himself, and staggered to his mother. She was seated on her low stool in the chimney-corner, stripping the drowned child of a wet nightgown, and murmuring,

“Dead! Merciful Father! Poor innocent!”

It was a little girl, with face and limbs of marble, and fair hair, wet with brine.

“Get a bath directly, Marget!” said Mrs. Pennant, beginning to chafe the small white feet. “Give me yonder blanket, Carad.”

The women had already made preparations for an emergency, so no time was lost. The child was first enveloped in the blanket, then laid on the hearth, and gently rubbed by Mrs. Pennant, while Marget and Caradoc drew in a clean, white tub from the dairy. Two large, steaming kettles hung on their hooks over the flaming logs, one of which Marget seized, covering her

hands first with her woollen apron. Its boiling contents were soon poured into the tub, and then mitigated with cold water.

"Now go you to bed. We don't want two corpses in the house at once!" said Marget, imperatively, to Caradoc, who was shivering.

"Let me know that she is not dead, and I will go," replied the boy, his teeth chattering.

Mrs. Pennant placed the little rigid form in the hot water, while tears coursed slowly down her own pale cheeks.

"Don't fret, mother: she is not dead!" whispered Caradoc, putting his wet sleeve round her neck, and kissing her.

"It's all coming over again—there's no peace!" muttered Marget, leaving the hall, but soon returning with bread and milk, which she stirred vigorously in a saucepan over the fire.

"She breathes, mother!" whispered Caradoc, himself breathless.

There were, indeed, signs of returning animation. A little hand moved in the water, a tiny white foot rose and fell, a faint cry was heard. They put some warm milk between the small, blanched lips, and it disappeared. At last the pretty eyelids, that lay like snowdrops on snow, were uplifted, and a pair of blue eyes looked for a moment at Mrs. Pennant; then the snowdrops drooped again.

"Mamma!" murmured the child; and, "Thank God!" ejaculated Mrs. Pennant.

When Caradoc at last consented to go to bed, the little girl lay in his mother's arms asleep.

"May I kiss her, mother?" he asked. "She is like our little Phœbe."

He kissed her and his mother, and went to bed, followed by Marget, who had un-

hung the shining brass warming-pan and filled it with burning ashes, in order to warm his bed.

Mrs. Pennant and the child were left awhile alone. The good woman let her tears have way. She had lost five children, the last an only girl, who had been taken by the Father when about the age of the little rescued one on her lap. She had been a melancholy woman ever since, and had not been able, like her husband, to say, "Thy will be done." Whose was this treasure thus suddenly brought to her?—and what of the mother who had lost her? Would she, too, be rescued from the waves and take refuge in the farm? This last thought recalled the men who were still at the bay to her mind. She roused herself, and began to consider what she should do with the little girl. Moving, she awakened her.

"Mamma! Ayah!" murmured the child, looking dreamily around.

Mrs. Pennant raised her, and gave her more hot milk; but she was too weak to hold up her head, and soon fell back into a sort of stupor. Marget returned with the warming-pan, and it was settled that she should be laid in Mrs. Pennant's bed. Shoveling more ashes into the brazier, Marget preceded her mistress up the old oaken staircase, and into a large bedroom, in which were a capacious bedstead and two small cribs. Marget opened the bed-clothes, inserted the warming-pan, and moved it up and down with a will.

"There! Name o' goodness, what next?" she cried. "I wonder when we shall be in bed; and who's to get up at cockcrow that goes to sleep at bulls'-noons? The child can't sleep in a blanket. There's purty she is! Look you at the chain and charm

round her neck ; I'm thinking it's gold. I'll be getting one of little Phœbe's night-gowns."

"No, Marget, no. Take the warming-pan away ; your master doesn't like it," said Mrs. Pennant ; and she was once more alone with the little girl.

Phœbe's night-gowns ! Yes. Of what use were they locked up in yonder drawer ? Still it was not a night-gown, but one of Michael's shirts that she drew forth, and hurried downstairs to air.

Returning, she drew it gently over the slumbering child, and then wrapped a plaid shawl of warm, native wool about her. While doing this she examined the chain and locket, containing hair, which hung round her neck, and which had attracted Marget's attention. They were of fine, delicate workmanship, and diamonds and pearls ornamented the back of the locket.

Mrs. Pennant bent over the little girl, and her motherly kiss seemed to restore colour to the white cheeks. The smile of infancy crept into a dimple, and the lips unclosed, revealing baby teeth. Mrs. Pennant said a verse of a simple hymn that she had been accustomed to repeat the last thing at night over her own infants, but which had not escaped her since little Phœbe's death. Smoothing the golden hair that lay upon the pillow, she kissed the child again, and went to visit her boys.

"Mother !" exclaimed Caradoc, "is there anything the matter? Are they come back? The storm has ceased."

The lad looked flushed and restless, and could not sleep. His eager black eyes sought his mother's, and he seemed satisfied with their quiet, if tearful expression. Michael lay sleeping tranquilly by his side. He was pale and delicate-looking, and the

mother was always anxious about him.

“It was well he did not go, mother,” said Caradoc. “But I wish I were at the bay. Gwylfa saved her, but I brought her to you. Do you think she will live? We will keep her for ever instead of Phœbe.”

CHAPTER III.

THE EARL AND THE FARMER.

THE following morning sunshine smiled upon land and sea. The throes of Ocean had ceased, and he slept long after sunrise. There was no trace on his treacherous breast, as he lay bathed in golden light, of the mischief he had done. Ogof and Ton, his twin children, so riotous the previous night, lay at rest, giving for signs of life only the sweet ripples of their breathing slumber. Even the frowning towers of Craigavon Castle were crowned

with light, and as for the hills and cliffs, they were aglow with colour, for the phosphorescent lias of the limestone rocks sparkled like many-hued gems.

As Mr. Pennant had been the last to leave Ton Bay when the tempest raged, so he thought to be the first to visit it when calm. But he was mistaken. The Earl of Craigavon was there before him, seeing to his rights. His lordship was an early riser, so it was not surprising that he should have descended the private path from the promontory to the bay soon after sunrise. Still he was pretty sure wreckers had been there first, for the sea had not, as usual, cast up any of the treasures of the deep. He was neither greeted by the grim faces of the drowned, nor by what the shipwrecked had possessed. The tide was tolerably far out, so the sands might have been strewn with spoil; but they were not. Either the ship

had got off, or been wholly engulfed; but such results were unusual on that coast. The Earl wandered from rock to rock, his hands behind his back, glancing through the great cave, up the cliffs, towards the quicksands, and across the bay; all was tranquil as the sky above. Doubtless the wreckers had been before him.

The Earl of Craigavon was about forty years of age. He was tall, as regarded the number of feet he actually stood, but shortened by his gait. He had a habit of stooping forwards as if in search of something, and usually kept his eyes on the ground. Those eyes were keen enough when raised, but rarely looked you in the face. They were of that greenish grey attributed to cats' eyes, and his enemies said that he had with them the feline gift of seeing in the dark. People called him and his cast of countenance aristocratic, because

he was well-made, thin, had a hooked nose, pale face, colourless lips, a military moustache, a reserved manner, and unapproachable deportment. He was feared by his inferiors, and little understood by his equals. This descendant of the Norman conquerors was not more popular with the sturdy descendants of the ancient Britons than his ancestors had been with their forbears. Indeed, at that time Norman and Celt had not begun to love one another. How should they? They spoke different languages, and there were neither railroads nor national schools to bring them together. Certainly, the Earls of Craigavon should have lived out antipathy during the hundreds of years they had possessed the lands; but they had not done so. Indeed, they, like many an interloper of the present day, had not tried.

Mr. David Pennant, who appeared sud-

denly at the bay, was a man of another type. Tradition declared that the Pennants were descended directly from the old British King who once owned the castle, and hence the somewhat lordly name—Caradoc. Indeed, they possessed a long piece of parchment, the writing on which was partly obliterated, which seemed to prove that tradition was correct. Be that as it may, they had held the farm of Brynhafod by interminable leases from time out of mind; and hitherto no Earl of Craigavon had been able to turn them out. The present lease, however, was to expire in a dozen years or so, and the neighbours sometimes asked one another whether the Earl would be likely to grant a new one to David Pennant, who was as stiff, proud, and independent in his way as his lordship was in his. This was apparent in his gait, as he swung down the road and along the sands,

followed by Gwylfa. He was a dark-eyed, florid, good-looking man, and, although dressed in his rough farmer's suit of fustian coat and corduroy breeches, showed at a glance that he was made of sterling metal.

"Where's the wreck, Gwylfa?" he exclaimed, as he stood to contemplate the scene. Then, perceiving the Earl, added, under his breath, "Looking for squalls, as usual."

Lord Craigavon turned at the sound of his voice.

"Morning, Pennant," said the Earl in Welsh.

"Good morning, my lord," said the farmer.

The Earl spoke the language, but not readily. The farmer spoke no other.

"A bad storm last night," remarked the former, his eyes on the ground, as usual.

"Terrific, my lord! We were here, for we heard signals of distress. Either the

ship went down, or was got off by a miracle. I fear she went down out there by the quicksands."

"How so, since nothing has been cast up?"

"The salvage will be Gwylfa's, my lord. He was so happy as to bring a little girl to land, who is now high and dry up at our place. She is a waif at your lordship's service; but the good dog, not the wave, landed her."

Lord Craigavon frowned as he met the farmer's eyes for a moment, then glanced at the dog.

"You have trained him to some purpose."

"Yes, my lord! he has saved many a life, and is a better Christian than the wreckers. How is their devilish trade to be stopped? I don't think they profited by it last night."

The Earl made no reply, but looked from the dog to the beach.

"Shall we send the child to the Castle, my lord?" continued the undaunted Pen-nant; "she belongs to your lordship as a portion of the wreck."

"By no means—send her to the work-house!"

"Your lordship will have nothing to do with her?"

"Certainly not. I keep neither sailors nor their brats!"

"Only their goods and chattels, my lord—you have the best of it. What hast found, Gwylf. Another baby?"

The dog had seen something floating in the sea, and had dashed in after it. Lord Craig-avon's glance followed him. At this moment two boys appeared—one from the Castle, the other from the farm-roads. They were Lord Penruddock, the Earl's only son, and

Caradoc. Gwylfa came dripping from the water, and laid his stray at his young master's feet, who stood irresolute at the entrance to the bay. Caradoc stooped to pick up a large doll.

"This is really dead," he said, laughing.

The doll's eyes were closed, the colour washed off its face and lips, its crisp locks straightened, its muslins and satins wet and discoloured.

"A most deplorable infant, indeed ! Why, Gwylfa, you have excelled yourself !" exclaimed the young lord, joining Caradoc.

"She must have lost it when she was drowning," mused Caradoc.

"She—who ?"

"The little girl Gwylfa brought in last night."

"What do you mean ? Tell me all about it !"

Lord Penruddock spoke and understood

Welsh better than his father, so he readily comprehended Caradoc's rapid tale. Before it was ended the Earl and Mr. Pennant joined them, to see what Gwylfa had brought in. The former frowned ; the latter smiled. Caradoc raised his cap to the Earl, who, however, took no notice of him.

"Another waif, my lord. Shall we send it to the Castle, or workhouse?" laughed Pennant.

"Oh ! sir, may I take it to the little girl?" said Caradoc, addressing the Earl for the first time in his life, who did not, however, deign to reply either to father or son.

"Of course you may. Mona has a houseful of splendid dolls, and wouldn't care for that drowned rat," said his son instead, whose will was law.

Lord Penruddock was about Caradoc's age and size, but of very different face. He

was fair and delicate-looking; while the young farmer was dark and strong. His manner, although slightly authoritative, was not unpleasant, and he was, at least, more gracious than his father, and managed to meet the eyes of those to whom he spoke. His own were blue, and when he was in a good humour their expression was lovable; but when he was out of temper—well, perhaps the less said of them the better, as, indeed, of such eyes in general. Had he been less indulged, and not allowed to believe that he could command the world, he would have been a clever, pleasant boy. As it was, all yielded to his slightest nod, and he could command neither the world nor himself. He was fond of Caradoc, showing his affection in a queer, lordly way: now taking him out to fish or hunt with him, anon ordering him to do things at which Caradoc's independent spirit rebelled.

Caradoc, or Carad, as he was familiarly called, had all his father's pride, and his hot Welsh blood rose at the slightest indignity, either to himself or his kith and kin.

"I shall bring Lady Mona to see the little girl," said Lord Penruddock.

"Why are you abroad so early?" asked his father.

"Caradoc Pennant is to show me an eagle's nest, and where the lias fossils lie, while the tide is out," replied the young lord.

The Earl glanced appealingly at David Pennant, but did not dare to oppose his son.

"Excuse me, my lord," interrupted the farmer, addressing Lord Penruddock; "but Carad must come home to breakfast, in order to be ready for school; and I forbid him to go to the eagle's crag with your lordship. He may risk his own life, but not yours?"

The faces of the two boys flamed; one with anger, the other with shame.

"But he shall go!" cried Lord Penruddock. "Come along, Caradoc, to the eagle's nest."

"I must not! But I will show you the fossils this evening; father won't mind that," rejoined Caradoc.

Mr. Pennant beckoned his son away, and they returned to the farm, the others to the castle.

"I hate that Farmer Pennant," said Lord Penruddock, heartily.

"So do I; he is a conceited fool," returned the Earl.

"Why don't you send him off?"

"He has a lease of the estate. I wonder what became of the wreck last night? We must send watchers to the beach. They shall not defraud us of our own."

"Who?—the Pennants?"

"Possibly. They are all alike. Did you hear a cry?"

"Why are you always imagining cries by night and day, my lord?" asked the boy, irritably, "it is only a sea-gull. But, father, I think the Pennants are honest, and I don't really hate them. They are not wreckers. It is those low, mean, cowardly brutes that live down at Monad. I should like to exterminate them. Let's fire a few cannon down upon them from the cliffs."

A servant in livery appeared with a message.

"Some fishermen have come up, my lord, to say there is wreckage cast ashore below Ogof Bay, and they are waiting your lordship's orders."

The Earl's moody face broke into a grim smile. "Tell them I am coming," he said, and hurried up the steep, followed by his son, who muttered,

“Wreckage, waifs, strays—I am sick of the words. They shall never be used when I am Earl of Craigavon.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOUNDLING.

THE sacred drawer in Mrs. Pennant's bed-room was unlocked with trembling fingers ; but that good woman stood long before it ere she pulled it out. When she did so at last she sank on her knees and burst into tears. "Phœbe, my child ! my darling !" she cried, looking upwards, as if to explore the heaven where her little one dwelt. Then she rose and turned towards the bed where the foundling lay. The child was still asleep. There was colour on her cheeks and lips, and a slight wave in her

fair hair, giving promise of future curls. One chubby little hand lay close to her cheek and mouth on the pillow, which drew from Mrs. Pennant the words—"How strange ! little Phœbe sucked her thumb." This fact seemed to give her courage to return to the drawer. She drew out its contents slowly, one by one, while her tears fell upon them, and her sobs broke the stillness of the chamber. She tried to repress them, however, for the sake of the living child who was to wear the pretty clothing of the dead. There was true pathos in her act and manner. As she touched each tender memorial of the mortal now made immortal, she kissed it, and then laid it reverently on the snowy covering of the chest. One white frock particularly affected her ; but this was replaced, for it had been the christening frock—that baptismal robe in which, as infant, her child had been

marked with the sign of the cross. By degrees she grew calm, and she was surprised to feel that the effort she had made had relieved her of a burden that had hung about her for four years—the burden of a suppressed grief. Everything belonging to her little Phœbe had been hidden from her sight, because her friends feared lest the melancholy that seized upon her should end in loss of reason; and so her mind had preyed upon memory, until all she did had become mechanical. The touch and sight of what had belonged to her child had removed the machine, and laid bare the waters that it worked. In all cases, what is natural is best, and wisdom lies in thinking and speaking of those who have gone before us as if they were still among us—which, virtually, they are, in the “communion of saints.”

A call to breakfast broke in upon her

hallowed grief. It was followed by the entrance of Caradoc. He started back at the sight of his mother's tears and his dead sister's clothes.

"Mother *fach* (dear), what are you doing?" he said.

"Oh! Carad, I am better—so much better!" she sobbed. "It is for the child: they will fit the little orphan."

Caradoc kissed his mother, and they went together to look at the foundling.

"How pretty she is! Look at her dimples! She is laughing in her sleep!" he cried ecstatically, and awoke the little sleeper.

She glanced from one to the other, inquiringly at first, then with a sort of terror in her blue eyes. The dimples disappeared, and she began to cry.

"Mamma!—where is mamma? Ayah,

"I want mamma," she said, sitting up and looking about her.

"What does she say?" asked Mrs. Pennant.

"She is an English child, and we cannot understand her. I will learn English at once—this very day," answered Caradoc; "I am ashamed that I know so little of it."

Mrs. Pennant tried to soothe her in Welsh, but the strange tongue startled her. She responded, however, in one still stranger. It was Hindostanee: and the mixture of ancient Eastern and ancient Western speech would have delighted a philologist, but greatly puzzled all the speakers. Caradoc left the room, while the child was crying pitifully for her mamma, and returned bearing her doll. The sight of it brought back the smiles. She outstretched her little arms, and Caradoc, enveloping the doll in a shawl that lay on the bed, put the

damp burden into them. She embraced it, and began to rock it maternally.

"Go down to breakfast, and send Marget up with the child's," said Mrs. Pennant.

Marget nearly let fall the tray when she appeared, at the sight of Phœbe's clothes.

"Name o' goodness, what's all this?" she exclaimed, looking anxiously at her mistress, whose face reassured her.

The little girl hid hers behind Mrs. Pennant at the sight of Marget in her short petticoats, tucked-up flannel skirt, and high hat.

"Bo-peep!" cried Marget, setting down the tray, and also putting her face behind Mrs. Pennant.

In after-years, when Marget described the scene, she was wont to say, proudly,

"The words came to me natural-like, but I never knew where I learnt them, unless it was at the castle."

She had twice in her life been within the walls of that baronial seat.

“Bo-peep!” repeated the child, clapping her hands.

A new-laid egg, fresh milk, and dainty brown bread and butter, further distracted her from her grief. Mrs. Pennant broke the egg, and was about to feed her, when she lisped, “Daisy tan do it.”

She took the spoon gently from Mrs. Pennant, and began her breakfast with evident appetite, while the kindly women watched her.

“She eats and drinks like a little lady,” said Marget, as the child again politely declined aid, and taking up the cup of warm milk in her chubby hands, drank with avidity. “Go you down, mistress, and show the master how bright you look; and have your breakfast below, while I stop

here. The butter's come, and I'm not in a hurry."

Mrs. Pennant obeyed meekly, as she had been in the habit of doing during her illness; indeed, she had been, so to say, almost set aside, while Marget had assumed the reins of government. She found her mankind in earnest conversation; for Caradoc had been detailing how he had seen her surrounded by little Phœbe's clothes, and in tears.

"The Lord be praised!" was old Mr. Pennant's exclamation as his daughter-in-law entered the hall.

Her husband rose from his breakfast to meet her, in order to conceal his own emotion; for, strange as it may sound, he had prayed for those "tears" by night and by day. He led her to her seat, and began to talk cheerfully.

"The Earl will have nothing to do with

the child, so we must keep her till she's claimed, mother," he said. "His lordship likes the dead better than the living."

"She is just Phoebe's size, and she sucks her thumb," returned innocent Mrs. Penant; and her friends could not have been more delighted had she told them the child was cased in guineas.

"Moses says the wreck has been cast up, father, and they are busy carrying the things to the Castle," said Michael.

"Then we shall hear no more of them: the Earl manages to hide his treasures, like a miser that he is!" rejoined Caradoc.

"Thou must not speak ill of thy elders and superiors: remember thy catechism," said his grandfather gravely; and Caradoc was silent.

The breakfast-table was well supplied. The men had mugs of good ale, or *cwrv da*, as they called it, the boys basins of steaming

porridge, and Mrs. Pennant alone her tea. That beverage was not so universal then as now, and much more expensive. Large rashers of bacon and fried potatoes, oatmeal and wheaten bread, tempting butter, and a cut-and-come-again cheese, were spread on the board, which was covered by a cloth of home-spun damask. In those days the spinning-wheel turned in every farm and cottage, and oh, how long its fabrics lasted! Home-made linen and woollen became heirlooms, and never wore out.

“Now to school, boys!” cried the farmer, when Caradoc had wound up his porridge by potatoes and bacon, and the more delicate Michael by bread and butter. But they were stayed in their ready obedience by the entrance of Marget with the little girl in her arms, dressed in Phoebe’s best blue frock. She had spread it out before the child, who had shown instant signs of

a desire to put it on ; so she had washed and dressed her quickly, and brought her down, feeling instinctively that the sooner it was all over the better.

The child glanced round the hall with a bewildered air. She had her doll in her arms—sole relic of her past. Her bright, fair face and golden hair contrasted with Marget's bronzed cheeks and black hat, and they were a picturesque couple. It may be observed that Marget lived in her tall hat, declaring that she took cold in her head when she left it off. As the inmates of the hall crowded round the child, she began to cry, and hid her face on the woman's shoulder.

"Mother, why have you dressed her in Phœbe's clothes ?" asked the sensitive Michael with tears in his eyes.

A sob from Mrs. Pennant was the an-

swer, at the sound of which the little girl looked up.

“Don’t ky,” she said, holding out her hands to her new friend, who took her in her arms, bending her head to conceal her emotion.

“May God bless you both!” prayed old Mr. Pennant, laying his hand reverently on the head of the twain.

And so the foundling was adopted at the farm.

CHAPTER V.

THEIR LADYSHIPS.

LATER in the day Brynhafod was honoured by a visit from the Countess of Craigavon and her daughter, the Lady Mona Rhys. As this was a rare event, Mrs. Pennant was much disturbed, the more so as they were accompanied by a maid, who acted as interpreter on such occasions, and whom Mrs. Pennant did not like. When she opened the door, she had the little girl by the hand, who accompanied her to the parlour, whither she conducted her visitors,

and stood by her, gazing inquisitively, but not rudely, at them.

"Pray sit down, Mrs. Pennant," said Lady Craigavon, waving her hand towards a seat; and Mrs. Pennant obeyed the sign mechanically, not understanding the words.

The Countess was a tall, erect, elegant woman of about five-and-thirty. She had been, and indeed still was, a beauty. Her complexion was of surpassing delicacy and fairness, her features regular, her figure faultless. But her face lacked expression: the light blue eyes might have been turquoises, the lips a folded pink shell, for any life they possessed. She was always magnificently dressed. On the present occasion she wore a rich blue silk pelisse trimmed with swansdown, and a black velvet hat with a plume of ostrich feathers. The Lady Mona was a pale child dressed in white, with a pink sash and a pink wreath round

her broad straw hat. She carried a small white French poodle in her arms, and was altogether a dainty figure. Mrs. Morris, the maid, stood behind her ladies, and looked stiff and sly, in her plain lavender suit. Morris would have patronised Mrs. Pennant, but the Pennants would not be patronised either by great or small; and were wont to declare that they knew their place, and wished to associate neither with my lord nor his lackeys. It was on this account that there were frequent disparaging remarks made of the family of Brynhafod in the housekeeper's room at the Castle.

"I wish we had this view instead of our dreary prospect," said the Countess, glancing out of the bow-window, in which she had seated herself. She was always wishing for what she had not.

The view was indeed beautiful. The farm lay on the crest of one hill and at the

foot of another. In front was an old-fashioned garden filled with pinks, polyanthuses, lavender, wallflowers, and other sweet and hardy plants; while below the garden stretched pasture-land, down-land, and wheat-fields, as far as the cliffs that overhung the sea. It was Spring, and all was as fresh and green as Mother Nature could make it. Mountain sheep wandered over the downs, their frisky lambs at their sides, and the cattle grazed peacefully, rejoicing in food and sunshine. The sea, with the red and white cliffs, bounded the horizon, and the blue sky laughed overhead. The music of a brook sounded near at hand, though its waters were not visible from the window.

“Puff! Puff! Is it Puff?” cried the foundling, suddenly, running from Mrs. Pennant’s side to stroke the dog in Lady Mona’s arms.

The creature growled.

"No—it ain't Puff," she added, turning to Mrs. Pennant.

"Who are you? What is your name?" asked Lady Mona, while the child retreated to Mrs. Pennant, and stood looking steadily from the Countess to her daughter.

"Have 'ou dot Mamma?" she asked at last. "Where Ayah?"

"Come to me, and I will tell you," said the Countess.

The child, who seemed strangely observant and staid for her years, went cautiously.

"Interpret what she says to Mrs. Pennant, Morris," said her ladyship to the maid.

"What is your name?" asked the Countess.

"Daisy. What is 'our name? 'Ou 'ike Mamma?"

"Daisy. *Llygad y dydd*—the eye of day," grimly translated Morris; for such is the Welsh of the "wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower."

"Where is your Mamma, little girl?"

"In the big sip."

"And your Papa?"

"Pappy far, far away!"

The child sighed and pointed across the sea.

"Was Ayah your black nurse?"

"Ayah dood. I 'ove Ayah."

She ran to Mrs. Pennant, and looked at her appealingly, then climbed into her lap and began to cry.

"Her parents must be gentlefolks, Mamma," remarked Lady Mona. "How pretty she is! She shall come to the Castle."

"The Earl would object," said Lady Craigavon.

"His lordship need not know," was the

dutiful rejoinder ; and Morris did not interpret this portion of the conversation.

The Countess and her daughter rarely styled the Earl husband, or father. In truth, they feared, but they did not love him.

"Tell Mrs. Pennant to let her come and play with me and Miss Manent, Morris," said Lady Mona. "You shall fetch her."

The little girl nestled closer to Mrs. Pennant, and seemed to look on the visitors as intruders.

"I on'y do to Mamma and Ayah," she said.

Any resistance always strengthened Lady Mona's will ; and she condescended to rise and take her dog to the child, by way of conciliation.

"It's name is Blanche, little Daisy, and not Puff."

"Tank 'ou—pretty Blanche !" said the

little girl, politely, stroking the dog.

"Lord Penruddock tells me your eldest son is very clever, Mrs. Pennant," said the Countess. "What does your husband mean to make of him?"

"A Christian man, I hope, my lady," was the reply, satirically rendered by Morris.

"Oh! of course; I mean as to—to trade, or—or profession."

"A farmer, I hope, my lady."

"And the second a harper, I hear?" pursued the Countess, glancing at a Welsh harp in one corner of the room. "He might replace Blind David at the Castle."

"I hope he will also be a farmer, my lady. He only amuses himself with music," said Mrs. Pennant, respectfully.

But Morris translated it with an intonation expressive of offended pride, and the Countess drew herself up haughtily.

Poor, unconscious, timid Mrs. Pennant nervously stroked Daisy's pretty head. As nothing more was to be extracted from the child, the ladies rose to go. Mrs. Pennant accompanied them through the garden, and a path skirting the farmyard, to the road, where their carriage awaited them. Daisy clapped her hands when she saw the horses, and began to talk Hindostanee. Then she ran towards a powdered footman, as if expecting a friend, but drew back disappointed at sight of a stranger. The ladies shook hands with her, and nodded to Mrs. Pennant as they got into their carriage, ordering the coachman to drive to Penrude—~~the~~ nearest town. And the four horses picked their way with some difficulty over the rough road that led into the highway;—for the Earl and Countess of Craigavon never appeared with less than

four horses ;—while Mrs. Pennant said, thankfully,

“That is over. They came out of curiosity to see thee, little *Llygad y dydd*.”

CHAPTER VI.

A BLACK WAIF.

THE path by which Caradoc and Michael usually went to school lay over the cliffs and downs. When the tide was out, they sometimes walked along the beach, which way, though rather longer, was more interesting to Caradoc, on account of the fossils in the limestone cliffs. He had imbibed a taste for geology from his master, and was making a collection of the ammonites and other curiosities embedded for thousands of years in the lias.

It was not, however, ammonites that took

the boys round the beach on the morning after the storm, but the hope of seeing something of the wreck. Their way lay through the wretched fishing-village of Monad, if, indeed, the half-dozen huts it contained could be called a village. It was aptly named—the word Monad signifying a solitary place. It was lonely enough, and out of sight of all other human habitation. The miserable dwellings were huddled together on the highest point of the beach, which the sea rarely reached, and were mostly amongst the cliffs, that proved effectual shelter from the north-east winds. Neither wind nor sea could carry off the odour of fish and pigstyes that pervaded the spot, or cleanse the fishermen and their families. The spot had a bad reputation, and people avoided it, not only because the inhabitants were said to be wreckers, but on account of many ridiculous stories and superstitions that had probably

been promulgated by them to prevent discovery.

The Earl had, however, done his best to circumvent them by building a watch-tower on a neighbouring height, in which he placed a man to give information of wrecks. Although Monad was out of sight of this Twr Aran, or tower on a lofty place, the immediate beach was visible to it, and thus arose a constant petty warfare between the inhabitants of the tower and Monad. A wretched little public-house stood in the centre of the huts, which purported to give "shelter to man and beast," but which rarely, if ever, was known to take in a shipwrecked mariner. Nothing was ever heard of such as were unfortunate enough to be wrecked near Monad, though the Pennants and other respectable farmers shrewdly suspected some few sailors at least must have been cast ashore alive.

“What have you got there, Davy Jones?” exclaimed Caradoc, as he and Michael reached the bit of sand that lay beneath the beach on which the huts were seated. “The figure-head of a ship—a blackamore, I declare! What will the Earl do with that?—stick it up among the antlers in the great hall?”

This was said to an evil-looking man who was trying to haul the said figure-head up the beach.

“I’ll be bound the ship was called *Cleopatra*,” continued Caradoc. “I’ll ask the master to come down and see it. What else have you got, Davy?”

“Nothing, young master. The Earl will be angry enough,” replied Davy Jones, scowling at the lads.

“There’s Gwylfa lugging in something for you!” cried Caradoc.

The good dog always accompanied his

young masters to school, then returned to the farm, and fetched them at the appointed hour. He was with them now, and, having espied a dark object beneath a retreating wave, he dashed after it, followed by one or two men who were hanging about the beach. They all knew Gwylfa, and feared him almost as much as the Earl—for he would surrender no waif save at command of a Pennant. He and the men together brought in a small box, over which he mounted guard until Caradoc and Michael joined him. The men, and half a dozen ragged women and children, who had come forth to see the boys, crowded round the box. Caradoc examined a brass plate that was nailed to the lid, and read the name “Wyndham.”

“Perhaps it belongs to the little girl, Carad,” said Michael.

“Perhaps it does—but she’ll never get

it," replied Caradoc. "Look a-head, Davy Jones! There's the Earl, and Lewis the keeper, and goodness knows who besides!"

This announcement caused the women to scuttle off to the huts, and the men to slink away, as the Earl and his followers appeared round a projecting rock. Unfortunately the boys were compelled to pass them.

"What are you doing here?" growled the suspicious Earl.

"We are going to school, my lord," said Caradoc.

"School! Where? There's no school. You all lie alike."

"We go to Mr. Ap Adam, my lord."

"You all try to rise above your station, you Welsh. Mind you, if you take Lord Penruddock to the eagle's cliff, I'll make the schoolmaster flog you."

"I shall not take his lordship," said Caradoc, proudly.

He passed on, followed by Michael, but they lingered until he heard the Earl order his men to carry the chest to the Castle, and sell the figure-head for firewood. They hurried on to make up for lost time, until they reached a ravine between the hills and rocks, down which flowed, or rather dashed, a mountain-stream into the sea. It was called the Aber, or confluence. Its banks were beautifully wooded with oak and birch, and there was a picturesque path on one side, up which the boys ran. Aran tower stood on an elevated point of the opposite bank. At the top of the ravine, in a lonely nook, was the old church of Llanafon, through the churchyard of which the boys ran, breathless from fear of being late. This church and churchyard were subjects of great interest to Caradoc, who had been initiated into their antiquity by his master. The

church had been originally an old British structure, built, it was said, before St. Augustine preached in Britain. It had been added to respectively by Saxon and Norman, and contained some curious mural paintings, an old Lady Chapel, a Norman font, and some strange tombs. It was dilapidated and damp, and more interesting to the antiquary than to the Lord of the Manor, who neither frequented nor restored it. There was a private chapel attached to the Castle, and the chaplain, who was also vicar of the parish, and tutor to Lord Penruddock, lived at the Castle.

The Vicarage house was as damp and dilapidated as the church, and tenanted only by rats and mice, until a Mr. Ap Adam appeared on the scene, and, to the surprise of the neighbours, took possession of it. Hither Caradoc and Michael hastened after they had passed through the churchyard.

The Vicarage was rendered picturesque by its situation and the thick ivy that covered it. In itself, it was only a small stone house, containing two parlours, a tiny study, and some four or five bedrooms. But it was backed by hills that were almost mountains—had the cliff, on which stood Aran Tower, on the right, from which it was separated by the dashing waters of the Aber; downs on the left; and the sea in front. It stood a little above the church, and outside the dingle that enclosed that sacred edifice.

The boys opened a rickety wicket-gate; ran through an untidy garden and a weedy path; passed beneath an old stone porch in which were two broken seats; entered a small, brick-flagged hall, where they hung up their caps; and finally appeared, breathless, in the presence of their master, Mr. Ap Adam. When they disappeared within the

right-hand parlour, Gwylfa quietly turned tail, and retraced his steps to the beach.

"We are sorry we are late, sir," said Caradoc, frankly; "we came round by Monad to see the wreck, and there was the most curious figure-head of a ship you ever saw cast up—a black woman with gold ear-rings and necklace: you said Cleopatra was black, sir. The Earl says it is to be cut up for firewood."

Mr. Ap Adam looked up from a book that lay before him. He was seated at the top of a deal table, at either side of which were two forms, each long enough to hold three or four boys. There were three lads on one of them; the other was empty, until Caradoc and Michael took possession of it. The open window was opposite the master.

"Cleopatra was not the only black woman in the world, physically or morally, even if she was black, which nobody has

positively ascertained," said Mr. Ap Adam ;
"we know that Antony and other men
made fools of themselves on her account,
and that we needn't imitate them in that
particular. Begin your lessons."

Mr. Ap Adam was a thin, slight man,
with sharp, shrewd features ; he wore spec-
tacles, through which peered a pair of keen
black eyes, surmounted by bushy black
eyebrows ; he had on a shabby black coat,
but his linen was scrupulously clean. All
that was known of him was that he was a
scholar and antiquarian, who had visited
those parts on account of the rare fossils and
curiosities they contained, and had remained,
he said, because of the beauty of the neigh-
bourhood. He had fallen in with Caradoc,
and, becoming interested in him, had told
his father that he ought to educate him.

"We have no scholar near us," said Mr.
Pennant.

"I am what they call a scholar, and therefore poor," returned Ap Adam; "if I could get six boys, who would pay me ten pounds a year apiece, I would turn school-master. The terms are high for the country, but I have a smattering of everything—from Homer to Glendower; from King Arthur to King George; from the Deluge to the Welsh coal-mines. Will you give me your sons, Mr. Pennant, and help me to some more pupils?"

"Are you a God-fearing man, sir?" asked the farmer.

"I hope so," returned the scholar, reverently, uplifting his hat.

"Then I will consult my father. What is your name, sir?"

"My name? Well, one must have a name—what do you think of Ap Adam? We are all sons of Adam, and the prefix Ap merely states the fact that I am one of them."

"A very respectable name, sir," laughed the farmer.

"You must take me upon trust. All I can say of myself is that I go to church, and desire to be let alone."

So, as it happened, did Mr. Pennant; and, after a few preliminaries, and a long conversation between old Mr. Pennant and Ap Adam, Caradoc and Michael went to school. They were the first pupils, but before the year was out four others were found. Mr. Ap Adam had now been established three years, and people said of him that "there was nothing he didn't know; and if his scholars had anything in them, he'd be sure to bring it out."

"I hope they have all had the small-pox, then," he remarked, on hearing this.

He had lately lost one pupil, which accounted for the vacant place on the form.

"If you please, sir, I should like to learn

English," said Caradoc, suddenly, unable to fix his attention.

"What next, and why?" asked the master, peering over his spectacles. "You know enough already for your needs."

"Because we have a little English girl who was saved by Gwylfa from last night's wreck, [and she understands none of us," replied the pupil.

"Talk English to her. Nothing like conversation to acquire a language. Begin by pointing out visible nouns until you master the English, and make her learn the Welsh of them at the same time. You will thus kill two birds with one shot. Come to me for the connecting links of verbs and prepositions."

Caradoc was obliged to be content and to pursue his various studies. Finding him unusually clever, the master did not spare him, but taught him many things that the

little world around them deemed unnecessary. Mr. Pennant, however, was well pleased that his son should be better informed than himself, although he was not deficient.

After the morning-school was over, the boys went home to dinner, and Mr. Ap Adam wandered down to Monad, and for a few shillings purchased the figure-head, which the fishermen managed to convey to his house. One of the inmates of Aran Tower descended from his height to watch proceedings, but understanding that the Earl had ordered the black lady to be chopped up for firewood, he pocketed Ap Adam's silver and let him have it. Ap Adam, as a virtuoso, had a fancy for keeping it, reflecting that, as sculptors had been known to fall in love with the statues they had executed, it was just possible that he might expend some of his hidden fire on

this, his Cleopatra ; for, black as it was, the figure-head was remarkably handsome. He accordingly placed it in an empty room and locked it up.

But he carefully examined such weekly newspapers as reached him, in the hope of seeing something of a lost "Cleopatra," and even sent an advertisement to a local paper concerning it under a feigned name. In those days there was no cheap literature, and penny newspapers had not been even imagined, so Ap Adam, as well as his neighbours, were obliged to be content with *The Welsh Chronicle* once a week, and such information as it contained. None reached them of the ill-fated vessel in question, or, indeed, of any others wrecked on the same notorious coast.

Ap Adam had barely time to swallow his frugal meal of bread and cheese before his boys returned for their afternoon lessons.

"We have begun, sir!" exclaimed breathless Caradoc, who arrived first.

"What? A lighthouse on the Esgair?" asked Ap Adam, whose digestion had been impeded by thoughts of wrecks.

"No, sir, but English and Welsh. Daisy—her name is Daisy, sir—has told me the names for everything we had at dinner; I have learnt most of them; but——"

"She won't say the Welsh, sir," interrupted Michael. "She is as obstinate as a pig."

"That is just what the English say of the Welsh, my lad, when they answer them with a *Dim Saesoneg*—'no English.' They say you are as obstinate as pigs, because, when language was confounded at Bel or Babel, your ancestors and theirs wandered different ways, and, in course of generations, a very unpronounceable guttural was transmitted to this part of the world. A fine

language all the same, and certainly old, if that is an advantage. There is a Welsh and English dictionary and grammar on the shelf, Caradoc, that you may take to help you ; and if you like to bring the child here sometimes, I will talk to her, and so keep up her English."

"Thank you, sir. She is the most beautiful little girl you ever saw in your life," replied the boy.

Ap Adam smiled, and Caradoc wondered why his face became suddenly serious and sad.

After lessons, the boys returned home over the cliffs. They were, as usual, accompanied by Gwylfa. They were met suddenly by Lord Penruddock.

"Now, Pennant, show me the eagle's nest," began his lordship. "I have no time to lose, for I have escaped from Mr. Tudor, and he will be as cross as cross keys."

"I am very sorry, my lord, but my father has forbidden me," replied Caradoc.

"Fiddlesticks! I heard him; but you must come all the same."

"I promised the Earl, also, this very morning," urged Caradoc.

"It is no business of the Earl's. I say you shall come—now—at once!"

Lord Penruddock went a few steps towards a beetling cliff that overhung the others, on the summit of which was the eagle's nest, already visited by Caradoc; but the young Pennants did not stir. He returned, and seizing Caradoc by the sleeve, tried to drag him up the slope. Gwylfa was upon him at once, and, reckless of nobility, had him by the leg.

"Down, Gwylfa! Off, sir! Are you not ashamed?" cried Caradoc, shaking himself loose from Lord Penruddock's grasp, and threatening the dog with his fist.

"You vile brute! I don't know which is worse, you or your master!" exclaimed Lord Penruddock, rubbing the calf of his leg, while Gwylfa growled at him. "But I am your master, and I order you to come with me," he added to Caradoc.

He was pale with rage, and in part with terror; for he had felt Gwylfa's teeth.

"I cannot go with you, my lord," said Caradoc, decidedly. "My own father and your father have forbidden me."

"Then I will push your brother over the cliff, and tell the Earl you set your dog upon me," said his lordship, moving towards Michael, who shrank to Caradoc for protection.

They were not far from the edge of the cliff, and Caradoc saw that the boy was in earnest. He had barely time to place himself between his brother and the precipice before the threatened push was given. It

recoiled on the giver, and, but for Caradoc, Lord Penruddock might himself have been over. Caradoc saw the danger at the onset, and, while grasping Michael firmly with one hand, seized the infuriated lad with the other, crying to Gwylfa, "Hold him—hold him fast!" The dog obeyed; and between them they checked the impetus of the movement. It was a moment of imminent danger to all.

"Run home quickly, Michael!" gasped Caradoc, impelling his brother upwards, and dragging their enemy from the brink of the cliff. "Let go, Gwylfa," to the dog.

"I shall not leave thee, Carad," replied Michael, stoutly; and Gwylfa loosed the boy he helped to save.

Caradoc did not let go, however, until they were safe on the down, amongst the furze-bushes. Then he said, as calmly as he could, but with a touch of irony, "I

have set the dog upon you to some purpose, my lord. He has saved your life. Let us thank God for it!"

The young Pennants had been taught to give praise to the Lord for all his mercies; and following, not only this teaching, but a natural impulse, Caradoc clasped his hands, and added aloud, "We thank thee, O Lord, for protecting us from danger, and pray thee to forgive us our evil tempers, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Lord Penruddock looked on—angry, terrified, surprised, and, perhaps, ashamed. He was imperious and passionate, but not altogether bad. Gwylfa also looked on, as if he understood the whole proceeding. It was, however, quite new to Lord Penruddock; for although his tutor's precepts were good, the examples set at the Castle were bad. Something in his face attracted Michael, who was too young quite to under-

stand their difference of position. He crept up to him, and fixing his soft, lustrous eyes upon him, said, appealingly, "Make friends with Carad, my lord. I know you didn't mean to push me over—I don't mind."

Lord Penruddock's face softened for a moment, and he hesitated. But pride overcame the transient better feeling, and he exclaimed, haughtily, "Friends! What next? Insolent farmers! I will be revenged for this. You shall not defy the Earl of Craigavon's son for nothing!"

"Come away, Michael. There is Mr. Tudor, my lord," said Caradoc, his proud spirit rising at these words: and so the lads separated.

CHAPTER VII.

DAISY AT THE CASTLE.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and a half-holiday, when the next visit was paid by an inmate of the castle to the farm. Caradoc was seated near the big hall-table, with Daisy on his knee. He had Mr. Ap Adam's Welsh and English dictionary and grammar outspread before him, and was resolutely trying to master the English language by their help and Daisy's lisping words. The child was already beginning to talk Welsh, as children will any language, if they have quick ears, and want to make

themselves understood. Her eager speech became a strange medley of Welsh, English, and Hindostanee ; but Caradoc patiently puzzled over which was which, until he separated the parts in some measure.

Daisy was apparently much troubled by her desire to please Caradoc on the one hand, and to listen to Michael, who was strumming out a Welsh air on his harp, on the other. Not even her doll, which she held in her arms, kept her little head still. It turned incessantly from side to side, and while Caradoc was poring over his dictionary and questioning her simultaneously, her rosy lips began to purse up as if indicative of a cry.

At this juncture Mrs. Pennant brought in Miss Morris. That amiable abigail had come with royal authority to take Daisy to the Castle to see Lady Mona.

“Dear me, Mrs. Pennant, your sons are

monstrous clever!" she remarked, on perceiving the one boy at his books, and the other at his harp. "Too clever by half for farm-work, I should say."

Mrs. Pennant, who was proud of them, smiled acquiescently, not detecting her visitor's irony. Caradoc rose and put Daisy from his knee, while Michael ceased his musical attempts.

"I am only trying to learn English, ma'am," said Caradoc. "How glad you must be to be able to speak it so well!"

Morris was flattered. Her English was her one accomplishment.

"I have always lived with the quality," she returned. "My lady has sent me to fetch the little girl because I have English;" then, stooping over Daisy, she added, "You must come with me now, child."

Daisy looked at her wistfully; then put her arms round Caradoc, saying,

"Daisy not do away."

"She must come, Mrs. Pennant. My lady's orders are not to be disobeyed," said Morris, drawing herself up.

"Certainly, Miss Morris. I should desire to do what her ladyship wishes. Carad, you had better take her as far as you can," replied Mrs. Pennant. "I will put on her best things. Come with mother, little Daisy."

The child had already learnt from the boys to call the good woman by that tender word, and understood enough to leave the room with her.

"If you would be so good as to tell her in English that we are going for a walk to see the great house, I think she would come," said Caradoc to Morris.

"*We*, Caradoc! I did not bring an invitation for you," she remarked, superciliously.

The boy's face flushed as he replied, proudly,

"I did not think of going beyond the great gates, though my Lord Penruddock has asked me more than once."

When Daisy returned she came dancing in, attired in the best blue frock, clean white trousers, a white tippet, and white quilted jean sun-bonnet. Her doll, from which she would not be separated, was in her arms; and, to Marget's supreme delight and astonishment, she had arranged it Welsh fashion—twisting an old plaid scarf cross-wise round it and her own tiny person.

"There's clever she is!" Marget had said, with uplifted eyes. "She has only seen Matty and her baby twice, and she carries her doll just the same."

"It is Phœbe her own self!" exclaimed Michael, as she entered, followed by his mother.

Daisy made no difficulty in accompanying Morris when led by Caradoc. The road, as Farmer Pennant said, was detestable, and at times overflowed by the riotous brook that ran alongside of it; but Caradoc took the child in his arms when they reached the stoniest part, and also carried her across the narrow bridge which spanned the brook. Morris picked her way daintily, wondering why Mr. Pennant did not keep his roads in better order.

“That is the Earl’s work,” said Caradoc.

They finally reached the road which led directly to the Castle. This ran along the middle of the promontory, and was bordered by such hardy trees as would bear the exposed position. The ground was irregular, and, owing to its rocky base, unproductive; still it was green, and dotted at that season with bluebells and primroses. Midway the promontory another road

branched off from the main drive, which led to the part of the Castle occupied by the servants. Morris took this way, so that if Caradoc had desired to go as far as the great gate, once a portcullis, he would have been disappointed. The principal drive was badly kept enough, but the side road was worse, being rutty, grass-grown, and stony. Daisy, however, ran along the sward on either side of it, gathering flowers at every step.

She was suddenly arrested by an imperative "Who are you?—what are you about?" which sent her to Caradoc.

"It is only the little girl from Brynhafod, my lord. Lady Mona has sent for her," said Morris.

The questioner was Lord Penruddock, who followed Daisy. Caradoc had been for the moment hidden by the rising ground, and when his lordship met him face to face

he flushed to the temples. Caradoc's colour also came as he raised his cap. Both were sore about the encounter on the cliff, and they had not met since. Lord Penruddock turned to Daisy without speaking to Caradoc.

"Were you the child washed up by the sea?" he asked, touching the scarf that enfolded her doll.

She glanced shyly at him from beneath the sun-bonnet; then, clinging to Caradoc, said,

"Naughty boy sall not have my dolly."

"I will if I like, and you also; waifs belong to the Earl," he cried. "But we don't want you. Take her to Lady Mona, Morris; Pennant shall come with me."

Morris would have obeyed, but the child clung to Caradoc.

"May I take her to the door, my lord?" he asked.

Lord Penruddock did not condescend to answer ; so Morris beckoned him on, and they soon reached the postern leading to the servants' offices.

Meanwhile his young lordship dawdled on behind. He was in no amiable mood, for he felt that his will had been resisted successfully by an inferior, and he had been pondering the possibility of still subduing Caradoc.

The huge dark towers of the Castle frowned above the battlemented wall in which was the side entrance to the court, surrounded by buildings, whither Morris was bound. This was the inhabited side of the Castle, which stood, as has been said, a hundred feet above the sea, over rocks and caves. Ton Bay lay beneath, and ocean all around. When the heavy, nailed, arched door slowly opened, Morris said to Daisy, who was still holding Caradoc's hand,

“Now come and see Puff.”

The word was magical.

“Where Puff?” she asked. “Tome, Tarad.”

“He shall come and fetch you,” returned Morris, grimly; and, catching the child up, she swung back the door and hurried across the court, leaving the two boys without.

Daisy began to cry; but Morris proceeded towards a round tower, through a curious doorway, across a large hall, up a spiral staircase, and finally along a corridor which looked upon the sea, to what was called the Lady Mona’s apartments. These were in another tower, adjoining the Countess’s private rooms, and apart from the Earl’s.

Daisy found herself at last in a moderate-sized and somewhat shabbily furnished sitting-room, or schoolroom, as it was usually called. Everything in it was old, even to the lesson-books used by Lady

Mona; for the Earl was slow to renew, excusing himself upon two pleas—that of the poverty of his Earldom, and his dislike to breaking up old associations, or, rather, modernising the antique. In this room sat Lady Mona, and her governess, Miss Manent, both expecting Daisy with some impatience; for the excitement of a visit of any kind was better than none, and their lives were extremely dull.

“There is Puff,” said Morris, as she put down the frightened child near the French poodle, asleep on Lady Mona’s lap. “She is a peevish, disagreeable thing, your ladyship,” she added, as Lady Mona began to talk to Daisy.

“Puff! Puff!” said Daisy, drying her eyes, and stroking the silky-white fur of the ill-tempered poodle.

Miss Manent rose from the high, straight,

carved chair on which she sat, and knelt down by Daisy.

"You darling!" she exclaimed, putting her arms round her and kissing her.

"How can you kiss her? She comes from a farm," said Lady Mona, who was not quite sure whether, after all, it had been wise to send for her.

Miss Manent had come to the Castle when she was seventeen, and Lady Mona six, as a sort of nursery governess, and had so far improved herself during four long, solitary years, that she maintained her position, and seemed likely to continue to hold it. The truth was that she had never dared to ask for an increase of salary, and the *poor* Earl knew that a fresh governess would demand higher terms; so when the Countess suggested that Lady Mona required more accomplishments, he said he disliked change, and begged that Miss Manent might remain

for the present, for she really did very well. And Miss Manent, being an orphan, and well-nigh friendless, remained. She was quiet, unassuming, and ladylike. Although not pretty, her face was interesting from its pensive expression and exceeding paleness. Not even Lady Mona could tell what were her temper and character; for she maintained, not only a rigid reserve, but a self-control so perfect that her ladyship's provoking and imperious manners failed, apparently, to irritate her. She had taken to music and reading more in self-defence against her lonely life than because she was particularly talented; and finding amongst the worm-eaten books of the old library many volumes of poems, she had ventured to ask permission to read them, and received consent. She did her duty by the Lady Mona according to her lights, and they were not brilliant, but the pupil had, as a

rule, more control over the mistress than the mistress over the pupil. Hers was truly a solitary, if not a miserable, existence, and it is no wonder, therefore, that she threw her arms round Daisy instinctively, and exclaimed, "You darling!" Daisy, in return, put her disengaged arm round her neck, and her cherry lips to hers. The child-kiss was new to her, and her heart throbbed with a strange emotion. She had never, during their intercourse, ventured to kiss Lady Mona—who was, by nature, indifferent to that mode of displaying tenderness.

"Come with me and Morris, Daisy, and let us take off your bonnet," said Lady Mona.

"And Puff?" asked the child.

"Yes: but her name is Blanche," replied Lady Mona.

Daisy looked at Miss Manent, and by childish word and gesture asked her to accom-

pany them ; but Lady Mona negatived this at once. Daisy went reluctantly into the next room, which was Lady Mona's boudoir. Here she was instantly well amused, for it was filled with ornaments, dolls, and playthings. The furniture was old and shabby ; but as Lady Mona had, during her brief life, received and kept everything she could get, and never made a present in return, she had a goodly show of gifts. A wonderful house full of dolls induced Daisy to unfold her sea-worn infant, and display her charms, after which Morris easily removed the bonnet and tippet.

“What is this ?” asked Lady Mona, whose curiosity was insatiable, and who espied the gold chain, and immediately drew the locket, suspended by it, from beneath the frock, where it was partially hidden.

“Papa—Mamma,” lisped Daisy, pointing to the locks of hair.

"I never saw anything so beautiful, Morris," remarked Lady Mona, examining it. "I have nothing like it. Pearls and diamonds, and the richest gold. I think it is meant for a wreath of daisies."

"Not open," said the child, as the young lady tried to uncloze it.

"What a handsome clasp!" remarked Morris, peering into the fastening at the back, and fingering it inquisitively.

"It is handsome. I wish the Earl would give me such a one," said Lady Mona.

"Daisy mustn't dive it," lisped the child.

When they had sufficiently examined the locket, Morris took her departure, and Lady Mona displayed her possessions to Daisy. Then the Countess appeared in the school-room, and called them in.

"You must not keep her long, Mona. The Earl will be back to dinner, and may be early, as he expects some gentlemen. I

wish, when he asks people, he would tell one sooner. My pink satin is not ready, and nothing becomes me so well."

Then her ladyship began to question Daisy; but all her inquiries resulted in a vague account of soldiers, and palanquins, and elephants. It was evident that Daisy remembered nothing of the wreck, and the Countess was of opinion that she must have been washed from her hammock into the sea. She still believed that her mother and Ayah had gone away in the big ship; and the pretty lips pursed up at the recollection, at which Miss Manent, quite impulsively for her, took her on her lap.

"Pray don't let her cry, Miss Manent," said the Countess. "Mona, you had better be dressed, in case the Earl should desire you to come down. Morris must not go away. I wish you had not sent for the child to-day. How perplexing things are! Per-

haps, Miss Manent, you would kindly take her back to the farm."

"With pleasure, my lady," replied Miss Manent.

"But the Earl must not see her. Mona, ring for cake, and let her go at once. Now don't pout; she shall come again whenever you like; and you know you must be dressed. I think your blue silk is most becoming."

The Countess was an artist in dress. Daisy listened intently to this conversation, while Miss Manent, half unconsciously, examined the locket so much admired by Lady Mona and Morris.

When Daisy was satiated with cake, Morris was called to dress her, and Lady Mona accompanied them to her boudoir.

"I wish Mona had not taken this fancy for the child," said the Countess, when they were gone. "But you will understand,

Miss Manent, that Lord Craigavon is to know nothing about it. Perhaps you had better get ready."

In less than a quarter of an hour, the governess and Daisy were outside the frowning walls of the Castle; the one breathing freely, the other chattering glibly. They were met at the door of Brynhafod by Mrs. Pennant, who was anxiously expecting both Daisy and Caradoc.

"Mam!" cried the child; and, forgetful even of her doll, sprang into the good woman's arms.

Miss Manent, who had never been at the farm before, could not resist her signal to enter and rest a few minutes in the cheerful parlour. Cake and mead—or *metheglyn*, as Mrs. Pennant called it—were instantly on the table, and Miss Manent's pale, passive face flushed into life at the unexpected hospitality. She little knew that she—inmate

of Craigavon Castle—was an object of pity at the farm. She dared not stay long, but making a desperate attempt at a Welsh phrase, drank the mead, kissed Daisy devoutly, shook hands with Mrs. Pennant, and left light for darkness. But the glimpse of sunshine made her, ever after, ready to fetch the child from Brynhafod, or take her back again.

When Mrs. Pennant was putting Daisy to bed, and trying to understand her account of her visit, she suddenly exclaimed in Welsh, “The locket! Where is the locket?”

Chain and locket had disappeared. There was at once a great commotion in the household, for everyone knew how valuable the ornament was in itself, and would be in case of a possible discovery of the child’s friends. Daisy tried to explain that Morris and Lady Mona had examined it, but no one understood her. Mrs. Pennant and Marget had

both sought to find the secret of the clasp that fastened the chain, and failed, so that it had not been off the little girl's neck while at the farm.

Michael and Little Ben were sent to search for it; and there was a general outcry for Caradoc, who, contrary to his custom, had not come in to early supper.

"When he comes we will send him to the Castle," said Farmer Pennant. "We must put a stop to his wanderings after what he calls his antediluvian fooleries. The stones named in the Bible are old enough, but Ap Adam would try to make one believe in older still."

"How wicked! You must take the boys away from him!" exclaimed Mrs. Pennant, wandering out into the sunset to look for Caradoc, while the others sought the locket and chain.

CHAPTER VIII.

TUTOR AND GOVERNESS.

SOON after Miss Manent left Brynhafod, she was met by Mr. Tudor. That gentleman was in search of Lord Penruddock. He paused to speak to Miss Manent, who was almost a stranger to him, although they lived in the same Castle. His and Lord Penruddock's apartments were in a different part of the huge, gloomy pile from Lady Mona's; so the governess and he dwelt apart. He was in the habit of joining the Earl and Countess and their guests at will; but Miss Manent never appeared in

the family-circle—if so disunited a party could be called a circle.

Mr. Tudor was the son of a late steward of Lord Craigavon's; therefore, like everyone else, under his lordship's power and patronage. His father died soon after he had taken orders, and the Earl appointed him his chaplain and his son's tutor, promising him the living of Craigavon when vacant. His lordship also proposed to hold the stewardship in abeyance for his younger brother, provided he and his mother would undertake it meanwhile. This offer was too good to be refused, so, when the living fell in, Mr. Tudor found himself vicar, chaplain, tutor, and virtually steward. He also still found himself at the Castle, the Earl promising to restore the Vicarage when Lord Penruddock went to school or college.

Mr. Tudor had had his aspirations, and they certainly had not tended towards the

posts he now filled ; but he was, like many others, obliged to circumscribe them when it became a question of daily bread. He was anxious to do his duty by his pupil and in his parish, but even here his desires were curbed by a power that proved stronger than he : for the Earl would not allow his son to be controlled, and himself controlled the Vicar's parishioners. This cast a restraint over a naturally buoyant temperament, and interfered sadly with an upright man's desire to do what was his decided duty.

"I do not think I ever met you alone before, Miss Manent," he said, after he had inquired if she had seen Lord Penruddock.

She coloured slightly, but made no reply. She was afraid to tell him of the visit of Daisy to the Castle.

"My mother has often expressed a desire to know you," he continued, kindly.

"Should you ever have the opportunity, I wish you would go and see her."

"I wish I could ; but perhaps the Countess would not like it," returned Miss Manent, surprised into speech by so unexpected a proposal.

"It does not do to be too submissive," he remarked, smiling as he remembered how difficult he found it to break the chain himself. "The Countess and Lady Mona are often absent, and then you might surely go out occasionally."

"I think I should be afraid," said the nervous girl.

"I cannot imagine where Penruddock is," said Mr. Tudor, abruptly, surprised at the grateful glance he received from eyes whose dark depths had seemed to him unfathomable. "He takes advantage of the Earl's absence to escape from me. Not long ago I found him with the young Pennants on

the cliffs, and he has been trying to elude me ever since. Have you remarked that he is unusually moody and irritable of late, Miss Manent?"

"I seldom speak to him," she replied.

"I only wish I dared to use the birch: reasoning is thrown away," he said, becoming suddenly confidential. "He will be ruined; and yet he is not without good qualities. It would be a grand work, Miss Manent, to bring up those children to good and useful purpose. When I think that Penruddock will be the next Earl, and will have almost kingly power over these lands and people, it humbles me to consider how little I can do!"

Miss Manent had never viewed the matter in this light. She had only striven to get through her days without a battle, and had gone to rest contented when she had succeeded. She sighed as she said,

"Nothing will improve Lady Mona : she is always the same;" then checking herself in terror at having said so much, she added, "I mean, I have not sufficient authority—or—I—am afraid."

: Mr. Tudor looked at her with pity. He had never seen anyone so nervous and so terrified.

"Have you no one?" he began, and hesitated.

"Only the Countess and Lady Mona," she replied, her eyes on the ground—her voice trembling.

"Poor girl!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand, into which she put hers timidly, glancing round lest anyone should see the act. "At any rate, consider me both as your pastor and friend."

They shook hands and went their ways—he to consider how much more desolate her lot was than his, she to reflect on the possi-

bility of doing more than she had hitherto done to make of her pupil the "good and useful woman" Mr. Tudor had suggested.

That gentleman roamed about for some time in a fruitless search for Lord Penruddock. At last he reached Monad—a part of his parish that he dreaded. Neither preaching nor teaching had any effect on its wretched inhabitants, and he believed that nothing but stringent measures on the part of the Earl would put a stop to their horrible practice of wrecking, credited by the scattered inhabitants of Craigavon, yet never proved.

"Have you seen Lord Penruddock?" he called out to a woman who was standing at the door of the beer-shop.

"He was here just now, with Cradoc Pennant, Brynhafod. I saw them go round the point. Be you sure, sir, that Cradoc will lead my lord into mischief."

"If we were all as likely to do what is right as the family of Brynhafod, we should be better than we are," replied the parson, with more zeal than prudence. "Why don't you come to church, Nan?"

"Lord bless you, we've none of us clothes fit to sit with the gentry. We are going to chapel sometimes."

"You are nearer the church; and God looks at the heart, not the garments. Pray to Him to cleanse the heart, and you will forget your clothes—indeed, He will provide better for you," said Mr. Tudor, sharply.

"Prove that, and I'll pray directly," replied Nan, impudently.

A ragged crowd gathered round her as she spoke, and Mr. Tudor felt that he ought not to let the opportunity of addressing this portion of his flock slip by. He spoke to them earnestly of their duty to God and man, but was interrupted in his discourse by

the surly voice of Davy Jones from behind.

"Let God and the Earl do their duty to us first," were his words.

"We stand or fall according to our own acts and deeds," said Mr. Tudor, turning on the man, whom everybody feared.

"Then look to your own, master," was the sullen reply. "We don't want no parsons nor preaching here. When you can build us fresh houses, you may come again. I saw the young Earl and Pennant's son up the cliffs just now."

Mr. Tudor, feeling he had delayed too long, hurried round the point.

"If he is with Caradoc Pennant he is at least safe," he muttered. "But am I safe? Am I justified in undertaking to see after him from morning to night, whilst these godless souls are committed to my keeping?"

Pondering this all-important point, he

hastened up the Aber defile. He was met midway by Ap Adam, whom he asked if he had seen Lord Penruddock.

"I met him just now hurrying homeward over the cliffs," was the reply.

"And Caradoc Pennant?"

"No: he was not with him."

Mr. Tudor took the way across the cliffs to the Castle, and arrived too late for dinner. Lord Penruddock was home before him, and in time. He always dined with his parents, and was, therefore, with them.

A servant came to say that Mr. David Pennant insisted on seeing Mr. Tudor immediately.

"He asked first for Mrs. Morris," said the man, "and she went to him. Then he inquired for Lord Penruddock, or you, sir. He seemed much excited, so I thought it best to come to you."

"Right, Williams. Should the Earl

inquire for me, say I have been delayed. Where is Mr. Pennant?"

"In the housekeeper's room, sir."

"Show him into mine, if you please."

Mr. Tudor went down to an apartment on the basement, fitted up as a kind of grim study. It was large, dark, and tapestried; and the two wax candles which had been lighted for Mr. Pennant, scarcely rendered him visible.

"Excuse my disturbing you, Mr. Tudor," began the farmer at once, "my boy, Carad, accompanied the little foundling and Miss Morris as far as the servants' entrance this afternoon. Miss Morris says she took the child to Lady Mona, and left Carad outside with Lord Penruddock. The child lost a valuable chain and locket either in this Castle or on the way to it, of which Miss Morris says she knows nothing. But this does not bring me here. Carad has not returned home; and

as he is a punctual, obedient lad, his mother is making herself ill about him. She expected him back as soon as he had dropped the child here."

"I will inquire of Lord Penruddock when he leaves the dining-room. He cannot be long. Davy Jones, the fisherman of Monad, told me he saw Caradoc on the cliffs with Lord Penruddock. He is probably at home by this time, and you have missed him."

"If he has gone to the eagle's cliff!" ejaculated Mr. Pennant, with clenched teeth. "But he never disobeyed me in his life, bold and wild as he is!"

While the farmer and tutor awaited Lord Penruddock, we must return to the time when the two boys were left together without the postern gate.

CHAPTER IX.

ARAN TOWER.

“**S**HOW me the fossils in the limestone rock at Carreg Mawr,” said the imperious Penruddock to Caradoc, when the postern closed upon them.

Caradoc reflected a moment. His father had never forbidden him to do this, and it was safe. He did not like the expression of his companion’s face, still he replied, unhesitatingly,

“Very well, my lord.”

Much to Caradoc’s satisfaction, Lord Penruddock took him down to Ton Bay by the

private path, which he had never before trodden. Neither of them spoke a word. They struggled over the rough beach, until they reached a particular spot, known to Caradoc as backed by rocks containing fossils. He took a small hammer from his pocket, and began to chip the lias.

"This is the best place, my lord," he said.

"But we must climb for the fossils. Mr. Ap Adam says this is carboniferous limestone folded in lias."

"He is a stupid ass!" was Lord Penraddock's gracious reply.

However, he condescended to climb the rock, and watch Caradoc, until he produced a broken fossil or two.

"A piece of an old snail-shell! A stone caterpillar!" he cried, contemptuously. "Is that all? But I have made you get them. Now I will give you this guinea to show me the eagle's nest."

He drew out the gold coin then in general circulation, value twenty-one shillings, and laid it on a piece of rock.

"Do you think, my lord, I would do for gold what I would not do because my father forbade me?" asked Caradoc, indignantly. "We are not to be bought and sold like the peasantry."

"The Earl is your master as well as theirs. I shall be your master some day," replied Lord Penruddock, fiercely.

"Then I hope you will do your duty by your servants," said Caradoc, forgetting, for a moment, his habitual respect; but adding, half reverently, half satirically, "One is our Master; even Christ."

"What canting hypocrites you Pennants are! What did you mean by saying your prayers on the cliff the other day?" asked the young lord.

"I meant to give thanks to God for saving

your lordship's and Michael's life," answered Caradoc, gravely.

Lord Penruddock turned aside, and was silent a moment.

"Come with me to Aran Tower. It is higher than the eagle's cliff!" he then exclaimed, imperiously.

Caradoc smiled; for he had penetration enough to perceive that the boy was resolved to conquer somehow. He had never been forbidden to mount the height on which the tower stood—though the spot had a bad name—so he immediately acquiesced in the request. He had, besides, a great desire to see the interior of the tower, and thought it possible Lord Penruddock might penetrate it.

"You have left the guinea, my lord," he said, as they scrambled down the rock.

"What is that to you? Take it, and do what I ask," returned Penruddock.

Caradoc saw that the evil spirit was in the lad, so he led the way in silence, and the gold was left on the ledge of the rock. He wondered whether some future antiquarian, centuries hence, would find it and speculate upon it.

They were more than half an hour reaching the tower, for the beach was rough and the ascent difficult. Lord Penruddock did not vouchsafe a word during their progress ; but his face worked strangely. It was an expressive countenance, and capable, at times, of inspiring love and admiration : but Caradoc had defied him, as he thought, and he was bent on vengeance.

Aran Tower had been built by the present Earl, on the highest available point of land commanding the sea ; but no one, save the Earl and the people who kept the tower, ever entered it, and none knew its secrets. All that was ascertained was that

it enabled its inmates to give his lordship information concerning wrecks. How none could tell.

“What a prospect it is!” exclaimed Caradoc involuntarily, when he and his moody companion stood breathless on the height.

“We will go in,” said Lord Penruddock, hammering at the huge knocker of the massive door, and shouting, “Open the door, Evan! Evan the Tower!”

A face peeped through the loophole at the side, and soon after the door was opened.

“Bless me! is it you, my lord?—and Master Pennant?” said a voice that no effort at civility could render other than sharp, harsh, and querulous.

The speaker was a tall, loose-limbed, ungainly man, with a wary, cunning face. He had been the Earl’s gamekeeper, but

was maimed in one arm, and blinded in one eye, in an affray with poachers; so he was pensioned in a way peculiar to the Earl—who generally managed to make his pensioners pay. He had the onerous duty of looking after the tower and reporting the wrecks.

"Yes, it is I," said Lord Penruddock.

"Let us in, Evan."

Evan glanced suspiciously at Caradoc.

"My wife is ill, my lord," he began, cautiously.

"We will prescribe for her," replied Lord Penruddock, who could make himself pleasant to his inferiors when it pleased him.

He slipped into the tower and beckoned Caradoc after him. Evan remonstrated in a whisper.

"The Earl will have no one come in here, my lord."

"Let him in, and I will explain," was the reply, also whispered.

Caradoc was admitted, and found himself in a darkish kitchen, in which was a woman languidly turning a spinning-wheel, two or three dogs, and a cat. The room contained a large cupboard-bedstead, several heavy chests, a corner-cupboard with the customary amount of crockery and glass, a settle, and some chairs and tables. Caradoc went straight to the woman and shook hands with her. She had once been a servant of his grandmother's, and the Pennants never neglected an old friend. She was even taller and more ungainly than her husband, with sharp, dark eyes, and a sharp, thin face. Her cap-strings were loose, and her iron-grey hair untidy; but she wore a red and yellow handkerchief pinned over her head, which helped to conceal such defects.

"When are you coming to Brynhafod,

Betto? Mother was asking about you the other day," said Caradoc, cheerfully.

"I am too ill to stir—and 'tis good for the blind to see you here," replied Betto. "How is old master, and your blessed mother, and Marget? And what's the rights of the child you've got at the farm? And is Michael as sickly as he was?"

While Caradoc was answering these questions Lord Penruddock beckoned Evan out again.

"I'll give you a guinea, Evan, to keep Caradoc Pennant here for some hours," said his lordship. "Give him a fright. He is an insolent fool! The guinea is on the Carreg Mawr, where I left it just now. I'll make all right with the Earl; but you must go at once, or some one may steal the gold. Let's lock him in, then I shall have my revenge, and be master again."

He went into the little passage, drew the

great key from the door, and returning, placed it in the keyhole outside. He was not strong enough to turn it.

"Lock it," he said, imperatively.

"Are you sure the guinea is on Carreg Mawr, my lord? It would be a pity to throw it away."

"Positive. Lock him in; it will be rare fun."

The key turned, and the boy's face broke into smiles.

Caradoc heard a grating noise, and looked up.

"What's Evan locking the door for, I wonder?" said Betto.

Caradoc went to see, and returned to her, laughing.

"Lord Penruddock is playing me a trick," he said. "I understand now why he has brought me here."

"'Tis a horrible place, my dear," said

Betto, shuddering. "I see the fairies all in green, and worse, on my deed! You had better look out and call Evan."

Caradoc opened a well-barred casement, and shouted for Evan and Lord Penraddock; but no one answered. Then he tried the door to see if it was really locked, and found that this only place of ingress and egress was assuredly closed.

"I shall go upstairs, Betto!" shouted Caradoc.

"Don't, Cradoc, *bach!* Evan will kill me!" shouted back the woman; but the boy had mounted half-a-dozen steps of the circular staircase, and did not hear.

Betto was lamed by rheumatism, and could not follow.

"I will not be locked in for nothing," muttered Caradoc, as he ascended the hundreds of steps that wound round and round

the tower, pausing here and there to glance through an occasional loophole. There were no windows, but he fancied there must be small rooms in the centre, as he perceived a door now and again, opposite these slits. He reached the top at last, and was surprised to find himself in a sort of observatory, glazed overhead, and with windows between the battlements.

“It is here my lord sits, then, when he is hidden for hours in the tower,” he thought.

Two or three telescopes were so arranged as to enable an observer to scan the horizon and nearer points, and Caradoc lost no time in making use of them. He was a shrewd boy, and soon understood why they were so placed. There were two vessels in the offing, and to his surprise, he saw the sailors at work on them. Moving the telescope, he exclaimed aloud,

“Why, that is a barrel—that a broken

mast; and with the naked eye nothing is visible !”

He went from telescope to telescope, until he made it clear to himself that every dangerous point and the whole line of rough, broken coast, could be, so to say, brought so near as to apprise the Earl or his myrmidon of whatever happened on the sea.

“This is how they circumvent the wreckers, and know where their ill-gotten gains lie. I wish I could circumvent them. A light at the end of the Esgair would do it, by warning off the ships. Why doesn't the Earl put one? Not he. He likes the wreckage too well, the old miser! At least, my Lord Penruddock is open-handed. I could set a light there, for I've often climbed to the very end.”

The Esgair was a rocky cape, stretching far into the sea, out of sight of either castle

or village. It lay near the quicksands, so that a lighthouse or other warning at its extremity, might, as it occurred to Caradoc by a sort of inspiration, warn off a doomed vessel.

The boy became so interested in exploring the wonders of ocean and sky that he forgot everything else. The words "Millstone Grit—Pudding-stone—Farewell Rock," and the like, escaped him, as he surveyed the rock-bound coast; and when, suddenly, the moon and her attendant star appeared from behind one of these fortresses of nature, he turned the telescope upon her, and was lost in amazement. As the stars came out, one by one, he continued his investigations, and would probably have been at them until midnight, had he not been startled by a deep, severe voice, and turning, encountered—the Earl of Craigavon.

CHAPTER X.

THE BROKEN LEG.

WE must return for a few minutes to the Castle, before we recount what passed between the Earl and Caradoc. When Lord Penruddock left the dining-room, a little before his father and his guests, he was met by Mr. Tudor, who requested him to accompany him to Mr. Pennant. The boy looked restive, but had no time to refuse.

"I am come to ask you where you left Caradoc, my lord?" said the farmer, in his straightforward, decided manner.

There was no reply.

"I must know, for he has not returned home since Mrs. Morris left him with your lordship. You are therefore in a way responsible for him," continued Mr. Pennant.

"I! He defies me, and knows how to take care of himself," said Lord Penraddock, avoiding the farmer's eye.

"That evasion will not do, my lord. Where did you leave my son? His mother, who is just recovering from a long illness, is very anxious about him, and so am I. I must know the exact truth."

"Then I left him in Aran Tower; and I am glad I punished you all for not letting him show me the eagle's nest," replied the young lord, with an assumption of superiority not quite natural.

"In Aran Tower! How did you get him there?" asked Mr. Tudor.

"Evan the Tower locked him in with old

Betto while we went in search of a guinea I left on Carreg Mawr. I am glad I frightened you, Farmer Pennant. You won't interfere with me again."

"The trick was unworthy of you, my lord," said the farmer, surprised and relieved. "What if anything has happened to Evan, and he has not returned?"

This had not occurred to Lord Penruddock, and he was alarmed at the notion.

"The Earl has another key," he replied, haughtily.

Mr. Tudor left the room, and waylaid the Earl as he was leaving the dining-room. He told him hastily the facts of the case.

"Locked in the tower! Caradoc Pennant! Evan absent! a guinea on Carreg Mawr!" exclaimed his lordship, startled out of his customary reserve. "A guinea! Where did Penruddock get a guinea?"

That magic word affected the nobleman

as much as the keeper. Gold is the *open sesame* to many lips as well as hearts.

"I did not know he had one," replied Mr. Tudor.

"A guinea! Do people sow guineas? Be so good as to make my excuses to my friends; say sudden business has occurred. Send Pennant home, and say I am going myself to the tower. Order some of my people to go round by Carreg Mawr in search of Evan."

"I am afraid the tide is in, my lord."

"Never mind the tide. A guinea!"

And this guinea—not Caradoc Pennant or Evan the Tower—led Lord Craigavon to take a moonlit ride up a rough mountain-road to Aran Tower.

When he unlocked the heavy door he was startled by a shriek from Betto.

"Evan! Evan! I thought you were dead! Cradoc has gone upstairs, and never come down again!" she cried.

"It is not Evan," said Lord Craigavon.
"Lend me your candle."

He took a rushlight from the table, on which Betto had outspread her Bible. She had been seeking relief from terror in that sacred volume. She had not only a profound reverence for its contents—acquired during her life at Brynhafod,—but a superstitious belief that harm would not reach her while the Book was near.

"Oh! my lord Earl—bless me! your lordship. Evan went to the Castle with my young lord. I'm crippled from the rheumatiz, your lordship, and am falling when I try to move. That Cradoc Pennant's so bold he 'on't be listening to nobody, my lord."

But the Earl and rushlight had disappeared within the tower staircase, and re-appeared, as we have read, beneath the stars at the summit.

“What are you doing here?” he said harshly, as he saw Caradoc gazing at the heavens through his most powerful telescope. “Thief!—robber!” he added, when he perceived that the boy was so absorbed as to be unconscious of his presence.

It was at these words that Caradoc turned and faced the Earl of Craigavon.

“What are you doing here?—serf, villain, thief, scoundrel!” repeated his lordship, who stood, rushlight in hand, close to Caradoc.

“I am waiting to be let out, my lord,” replied the lad.

“What brought you here?”

“Lord Penruddock.”

“Were you with him at Carreg Mawr?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Had he a guinea, boy—a guinea? What did he do with it?”

“He left it on the big stone, my lord.”

“Where is Evan?”

“I have neither seen him nor Lord Penruddock since they locked me up here.”

“What business had you with my son?”

“He bade me show him the fossils in the lias, and I obeyed, my lord; then he brought me on here.”

Lord Craigavon glanced for a moment at the fearless boy. He knew that he was telling the truth. The face of the moon, that looked down on the half-glazed, battle-mented tower, was not more clear.

“How dared you come up here?”

“I was curious to see the top of the tower, my lord.”

“What right had you to stay and pry into my affairs? I will have you committed as a thief.”

“I have stolen nothing, my lord. I looked through the glasses at the rocks and the sea; and then I looked to see how

shipwrecks might be avoided ; and then——”

“ What ! ” interrupted the Earl, in a voice that startled Caradoc.

“ I forgot everything else, my lord—even the anxiety of my parents,—in the moon and stars. How wonderful they are ! How great are the works of God ! ”

The boy had indeed been carried beyond this world and himself, in wonder and in awe at the revelations of the telescope. Lord Craigavon’s anger was arrested for a moment by the reverence of his manner ; then he resumed :

“ I beg you will mention to no one this boyish trick of my son, neither that you have been in this place.”

“ I have no secrets from my parents, my lord.”

“ Your father knows already. I request that the matter go no further.”

“ Very well, my lord.”

The Earl pointed to the stairs, and Caradoc passed him and began the descent. But for the moonbeams, that penetrated at intervals the loopholes, he would have been in total darkness. The Earl, by the light of his rushlight, closed and locked a door, that had been by chance open, leading to his observatory, and followed. When Caradoc reached the bottom with some difficulty, he heard voices in the kitchen, and went thither. So did the Earl, when he had locked another door at the end of the staircase. Evan would have been dismissed summarily for neglect of duty, but for the scene that awaited them.

Evan was lying on the bed, nearly insensible; Betto was swaying herself to and fro in her chair, and sobbing violently; while Farmer Pennant and Mr. Ap Adam were binding up Evan's leg, which seemed to be broken.

It will be remembered that Mr. Tudor met Ap Adam in the Aber Ravine. The latter gentleman was going on a private geological survey of the cliffs about Carreg Mawr, and when he reached the big stone on which the guinea had been left, he found Evan lying beneath it. That worthy had managed to climb the rocks and secure the guinea; but in grasping the gold with his only useful arm he had slipped, and either broken or disabled his leg. He could not move, and was in awful terror; for the tide, though still far out, was coming in fast, and, but for Ap Adam's arrival, he must have been drowned. Evan was a tall bony man, Mr. Ap Adam slight, and not particularly muscular. More help was needed to move him, and none was at hand.

"For heaven's sake don't leave me, sir! I'll try to walk!" cried Evan.

Ap Adam helped him to rise; but walk-

ing was out of the question ; his agony was intolerable.

“Try to drag yourself to the Aber, where you will be, at least, safe from the tide,” said Ap Adam, taking hold of his arm to aid him.

Fear paralyses pain, and dread of drowning overmastered Evan’s. The yawning, though happily at that time, quiet sea, was longing to engulf him, stayed only by His hand who ruled it.

“Don’t leave me, sir ! For the Lord’s sake, don’t leave me ! I’m not ready to die !” cried Evan.

“Not as long as there is a chance of saving you,” replied Ap Adam. “The wreckers give the waves tithes enough in human flesh without making your poor body a tenth.”

“Lord have mercy upon me !” shrieked Evan.

Ap Adam scarcely believed it possible to reach the pass in time, and looked about for some other means of escape—but there was none! As the distant sea grew nearer, he asked himself if he could leave this fellow-creature to perish, even to save his own life? But of what use to sacrifice both? He prayed earnestly for help, and laboured on. But he never forgot the supreme moment. They were within sight of the defile, when Evan's strength failed, and he nearly fainted. The spray of the waves had already touched his face. Must he leave this man to secure his own life?

“Give me strength, O God!” he exclaimed, and clasped his arms round Evan's waist as he lay on the beach.

Dragging him over the rough stones, while the sea almost touched them, he reached the point where the river-brook flowed into it. But how get to the path at

its side? He shouted for help, and was answered. His prayer and the ejaculations of poor Betto over her Bible were heard. Gwylfa appeared. He growled as he seized Evan's coat, for he knew the man and hated him; but the dog is too noble an animal to let his enemy perish, so he helped Ap Adam to drag him ashore, then left him to rejoin Mr. Pennant who was descending the cliff to the pass.

The moon had risen—the “young May moon”—and, trusting to her light and Gwylfa's sagacity, the farmer had ventured across the cliffs by the short but dangerous path that led from the Castle to the Aber, and thence across the stream to the Tower. While the Earl was taking the longer round on horseback, the farmer had started on foot, and, but for stumbling upon Ap Adam and Evan, would have reached the tower before his lorship.

“What’s this? Another waif?” he exclaimed.

“It is Evan the Tower,” replied Ap Adam. “I don’t think he’s dead, because ‘those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned;’ but I believe he has broken his leg. You must help me to carry him across the stream and up the Aran.”

“It will be doing good for evil, then. The fellow has locked Carad into the tower,” said Mr. Pennant. “Take the rogue by the feet, and I’ll lay hold of his body.”

To Mr. Pennant, who could lift a sack of wheat, Evan was comparatively light weight, so they managed to get him to the tower in about half an hour, by which period the Earl had arrived, and joined Caradoc. But the great door was locked.

“Here is the key,” said Ap Adam, drawing it from Evan’s pocket.

Fortunately the Earl had withdrawn his key from the lock, so they opened the door.

"Don't be frightened, Betto. Evan has had a cold bath," said Mr. Pennant, kindly, as they carried her husband to the bed.

Poor Betto shrieked with terror.

"I am somewhat of a doctor, and have often set broken bones," remarked Ap Adam, coolly unfastening the keeper's knee-breeches and drawing down his stockings.

It was at this juncture that Caradoc entered the kitchen, and was greeted by Gwylfa with those demonstrations of joy that dogs alone display to ungrateful man.

"Why is the door open?" asked the moody Earl; while Caradoc ran to his father, and said—

"It was not my fault. I hope mother is not frightened. What has happened to Evan? Here is the Earl. Don't cry, Betto."

Lord Craigavon went to the bed instinctively, and, seeing Evan's state, asked "what the careless fool had been doing now?" He was told. He again left the kitchen, closing the door behind him, and a grating of keys was heard. He returned with a bottle in his hand containing spirits. They administered some, and Evan revived. Meanwhile, Ap Adam quietly bandaged the leg, taking no notice of the Earl, who turned to Pennant with—"You had better take your boy home, and on your way tell Lewis, the keeper, and his wife to come here. I shall stay till they arrive. Go, young sir, and keep out of Lord Pendruddock's way for the future," he continued, facing Caradoc, but not meeting his eye.

Ap Adam remained, and Mr. Pennant and Caradoc departed. They took the mountain-road homewards, and soon reached one of the lodges, occupied by the keeper men-

tioned by the Earl. They sent him and his wife to the tower, as requested, then made all haste to reach the farm. A messenger, sent by the farmer from the Castle, had already apprised the inmates of Caradoc's safety, who was welcomed by them, as may be imagined, with tears of joy.

"Now let us praise the Lord for the mercies that He showeth to us children of men," said Old Farmer Pennant; and the whole family knelt in prayer. "Thou trustest too much in thine own strength, my son," he said to Caradoc, when they rose. "Put thy trust in the Lord and be doing good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"I will try, grandfather," replied the boy, meekly.

"Say rather that thou wilt pray, my lad," returned the old man, laying his hand on Caradoc's head.

"May I go with you and see Daisy,

mother?" whispered Caradoc, and followed Mrs. Pennant to the foundling's crib, now placed by her bedside.

Here he kissed the sleeping child, and heard of the loss of the diamond locket.

CHAPTER XI.

AP ADAM'S SIXTH BOY.

WHEN Mr. Pennant and Caradoc had left the tower, the Earl stooped over Evan and whispered—not so low, however, but that Ap Adam's sharp ears caught the words—

“Did you find the guinea?”

“N—o ; y—e—s ; n—o, my lord,” replied Evan.

“You—did ! It—is—mine ! Give—it —to—me !” breathed the Earl, sternly, emphasising every word.

Evan tried to put his hand in his pocket,

and failed. The Earl inserted his successfully, and secured the coveted coin.

"I will not answer for the consequences if you excite the man, my lord," broke out Ap Adam, resolutely.

"Who are you?" asked the Earl, turning suddenly, and meeting the supposed doctor's spectacles. "I thought you were Dr. James."

In his anxiety about the gold, the Earl had only taken in the fact that some one was, as he imagined, setting Evan's broken leg; and he took it for granted that it was the parish doctor, who was old and deaf. He had not paused to consider that it would have been impossible to summon him in so short a time; and had thus over-reached himself.

"I am *a* parish doctor, but not *the* one, *par excellence*," replied Ap Adam, satirically.

"Then we have no further need of you,

sir," replied the Earl. "We are obliged for your aid, but will send for Dr. James at once."

"He had better not meddle with the bandages; nothing but a splint is needed. Keep up your spirits, man, and you will do," said Ap Adam.

"For the Lord's sake don't leave him, sir!" shrieked Betto, throwing up the apron with which she had covered her face, and nearly knocking down her spinning-wheel.

Evan also looked at him appealingly; the very dogs whined.

"The Lord of Craigavon is omnipotent here," replied Ap Adam, bowing to the Earl, and leaving the room.

But the great door was locked; and his lordship was obliged to turn porter.

"Thank you. Good night, my lord," said Ap Adam, laughing to himself in the moonlight.

"Good night. Curse the impudent fellow!" retorted the Earl, glancing after him as he hurried down the rocks to the gorge.

He soon met Lewis and his wife, and begged them to assure Dr. James that the bone was properly set; then he walked slowly towards the vicarage, his temporary home.

"The thirst for gold is as absorbing as the thirst for alcohol, and leads to crimes as great," he muttered, as he seated himself at a table, on which was spread a repast of bread and cheese, salad, and cold water. "Better poverty than sin."

"A middle-aged woman, with a cheery round red face, came into the room. It was the wife of the parish clerk, who was engaged by Ap Adam to do for him such cooking and cleaning as he could not manage himself. She lived near the church, and

was able to come to and fro at pleasure."

"Can I do anything more for you, sir?" she asked.

"You have already exceeded our agreement," he replied, glancing at the table, which he usually laid himself. "But exceed it still further by finding out for me to-morrow, from Dr. James, or Lewis, the keeper, or Mrs. Lewis, how Evan the Tower gets on. He has broken his leg."

Ap Adam knew that, if anyone would discover a secret, it was Mrs. Madoc, the clerk, his valuable and voluble aid. She had tried hard for the best part of four years to discover his, and had frequently nearly got the better of his strategy by all sorts of ambushes. If he had a secret, however, he believed it as yet in his own keeping.

"I'm sure I shall be very happy, sir; but that Lewis is as close as an oyster,

and my lord keeps Evan closer still, if possible, as it isn't his nature to be so secret. But Lisbeth, the keeper, is open-mouthed enough."

"I dare say she will tell you. Good night, Mrs. Madoc."

The following morning, after a breakfast as frugal as his supper, which he prepared himself, Ap Adam went to his school-room. He was surprised to see a little girl seated between Caradoc and Michael, who had arrived before the other boys.

"It is Daisy, sir, the little foundling. She asked to come with us, and mother let her," said Michael, not usually the first to speak; but Caradoc was engaged with the child.

Ap Adam spoke to her in English. He asked her if she was come to school, and, from her serious, composed manner, saw at once that she knew what school meant.

The child was naturally self-possessed, and said, in answer to a question put by Ap Adam,

“Daisy tan read and pell.”

A mist came over the school-master's spectacles as he gazed at the little waif, and he suddenly left the room. He returned, however, immediately, with a child's first primer in his hand. He went behind Daisy, and, kneeling down, inserted his head between her and Caradoc, and laid the book before her. He told her to read, and she began at once steadily and clearly, though with her pretty lisps, to read the short lesson.

“She must be older than she looks. Indian climate,” he muttered.

Then he asked her to spell, and found that she had already mastered most one-syllabled words.

When the spelling ended she began of

herself, "Twice one is two ;" and, having completed her arithmetic, she hastily got off her seat, put her hands behind her, and repeated, "How doth the little, busy bee."

"Dr. Watts himself was scarcely more precocious !" exclaimed the delighted Ap Adam, catching her up in his arms. "Carad, we will make a man of her—or a Lady Jane Grey,—and teach her Greek and Latin. She shall be my sixth boy."

And henceforth it was understood that Daisy was to receive from Mr. Ap Adam such an education as that gentleman thought it expedient to give her. On this, the occasion of her inauguration, she behaved well, and, when the other pupils arrived, was already learning a spelling lesson. Neither their smothered laughter nor whispered questions across the table could distract her from her task ; and it was not until Ap Adam came down on the offenders

with his cane that she looked up, and, seeing that ferule, shrank towards Caradoc for protection, while Michael took her hand on the other side.

"Daisy tan say it now," she said, in an unusually short time, fixing her dark blue eyes on Ap Adam; and she repeated her lesson faultlessly.

"Poor innocent! Her mother must have taught her," ejaculated Ap Adam, in Welsh. "After all, women are not born fools; it is want of education that makes them so." And, upon this reflection, he called Daisy to him, took her on his knee, and began to teach her Latin—which tends to show that, if he was not born a fool, he certainly was not born a school-master.

As the morning wore on she showed signs of weariness, in spite of her efforts at self-control. Caradoc, first asking leave, took her to the low window-seat, and,

producing her doll, together with a slice of bread and butter, left her there. She amused herself until twelve o'clock struck and lessons were done.

"She must be an only child, and accustomed to be without companions," mused Ap Adam.

All the boys surrounded her, and she shrank from the strangers, who were rough specimens of their genus. Mr. Ap Adam sent them off, and Caradoc seized the opportunity, as he always did, of a few words with his master.

"There is a sort of bell-tower at the end of the Esgair, sir, in which one might hang a light to save many a ship," he began. "That point stretches farther out than any other, and if only there could be a beacon!"

"If! You romance, sir; keep within the region of the possible. Who could hang lights in such places?" responded Ap Adam.

"I could, sir."

"At the risk of your neck, and discovery by the wreckers."

"They would think it supernatural, sir; and, besides, it would not be seen from the shore."

"And the Earl? and Evan the Tower."

"One must brave something, sir, to do good."

"Very Utopian; what next?"

"I should like to be a doctor, like you. It is grand to save life and ease suffering. If mother would consent to my leaving home, I think father would. Will you use your influence, sir?"

"To apprentice you to old James, and have you taught to make calomel pills and black draughts? I would rather see you turn the sod and write verses. You had better go home and eat your dinner. Good-bye, little Daisy; come again to-morrow."

Caradoc's fine face clouded at this rebuff; but he was not daunted. He did not, however, hear his master's soliloquy when he and his companions were gone.

"This is what I have done! Taught until I have made him discontented with his lot; explored until he would dare the most slippery precipices. I, who have fled from the world, sick of its temptations. I must undo my work, or seek refuge elsewhere."

Education seemed the topic of conversation at Craigavon that day. We hear of "a wave of crime," why not "a wave of learning?" It certainly flowed over farm and vicarage to the Castle. The Earl even was overtaken by it, and was discussing the momentous subjects of public school and college with Mr. Tudor.

"When a young nobleman condescends to play tricks on his inferiors, and scatters gold like sea-shells, it is time to send him

from home," he said. "I can ill afford it, but Penruddock must go to Eton. You will need your vicarage, so I shall eject that fellow Ap Adam, who is a mere adventurer; and the parish will be well rid of him, for he is only educating the farmers' sons beyond their need. Young Pennant will be ruined."

"I think your lordship is right to send Lord Penruddock to school," said Mr. Tudor, cautiously; "it will do him good to associate with boys of his own rank. It may be also well for me to give my time to the parish, and to live in the midst of my flock."

"If I send him to Eton, I shall not be able to afford to do up the vicarage at present," rejoined the Earl. "You will be obliged to take it as it stands, or to get up a subscription amongst the people for repairs. Let those who go to church take care of it, and

pay the parson. You will continue to act as my chaplain, and perhaps had better live here."

Before Mr. Tudor could utter either a protest or opinion, the Earl walked away. Such was his habit when he had finished what he had to say; and that was a bold man who dared to begin again a subject he considered concluded.

The Earl went straight to the Countess to tell her of his resolution concerning their son. He found her and Lady Mona in a quaint boudoir, the walls of which were hung with tapestry, representing shepherds and shepherdesses in a variety of costumes, and the ceiling of which was painted with similar pastoral figures. The room was bright, though the furniture was heavy and antique. There was a beautiful oriel window that looked through a vista of trees to Ogof Bay; and this view was the least wild of any seen

from the Castle. As if there were not embroidery enough already within the old fortress, the Countess was working more. Her face and figure looked singularly young and graceful as she bent over her frame, which was placed in the oriel. Her daughter was on a low stool, with a French lesson-book in her hand and her inseparable poodle on her lap. The Earl was proud of the grace and beauty of his womankind, and considered them as only secondary to his son and—his money. Indeed, beneath the crust of avarice lay something near akin to love for his wife and children, though they scarcely suspected it.

“Alicia, I have settled at last to send Penruddock to Eton, and thence either to college, or on a foreign tour,” began the Earl.

Her ladyship, who was not easily excited

either by joy, grief, or surprise, looked up, and gently murmured in a sort of interrogative affirmative, "Yes?"

"You think I am right, Alicia?"

"I suppose so; but we shall miss him, shall we not, Mona?"

"I shall be glad, for he is such a teaze," replied Mona. "Shall we take him with us to London, papa?"

"We must give up town again this year if Penruddock goes to Eton," said the Earl, contemplating the faded carpet; "I cannot afford both."

Mother and daughter glanced at one another. London had been unvisited the last two seasons on account of the Earl's poverty; and a journey to London in those days, with such an establishment as the Earl of Craigavon must take with him, certainly did cost a fortune.

"I wish I was introduced, and then we

should be obliged to go," said Lady Mona, pettishly.

"You are too young to give an opinion; go to your governess," returned the Earl, severely; and Lady Mona unwillingly obeyed.

The Countess placidly continued her embroidery. It was a secret relief to her to feel that her son's education was at last decided, for he had been unmanageable at home.

"You are well, Alicia?" asked the Earl, glancing at her for a moment.

"Yes; and you? I heard you walking about last night, and feared you had an attack of those horrible spasms. Had we gone to London you might have consulted a physician."

"It was nothing; they come and go, as I must," remarked the Earl, with a grim attempt at a jest and smile as he left the

apartment, and went to an adjoining part of the Castle which he had appropriated to himself.

This was a tower which overlooked what was called, by some, Twryn y Megyn—the Nose of the Bellows; by other, Twyrin y Witch—the Witch's Nose; or what was, in fact, the extremity of the promontory. Hence the Earl could survey his little world of waters and rocks. Outside the basement was a terrace on which he was wont to pace, and it was here that the Countess believed she had heard him the previous night. From this terrace, private paths were hewn in the rocks on either side of the Castle, which led directly to the shores of Ogof and Ton, so that no one was safe from his lordship's supervision. In this particular part of the Castle was the subterranean passages and dungeons employed by chieftains of the olden times as places of retreat or imprison-

ment, but turned into warehouses of wreckage under the new *régime*. As the Earl kept his own keys, no one entered this, his peculiar territory, without his permission, and here he knew that he could be alone.

"I must get rid of them all," he soliloquised, or, more properly, thought, as he sat down at a bureau, then the orthodox writing-table, desk, and davenport combined. "This fellow, Ap Adam, is a spy, and dogs my steps; he shall go first. Then old Pennant's grandson and his Newfoundland. But for them, that child! ha! what was that? But for him, I should not send Penruddock away; but for him, no gold would have been left—no Evan disabled—no tower mounted. Curse those Pennants, they are always in my way; impertinent, meddling, canting hounds! No wonder I came into the earldom as poor as a Lackland, when my ancestors granted those in-

terminable leases at almost a nominal rent. But in less than a score of years they will end, and then! and then I shall leave my son the richest noble in the land—be the richest myself, I mean; for I am a young man, and shall still be young when lease after lease has run out. Then David Pennant and that upstart boy will know that they cannot browbeat with impunity the Earl of Craigavon.”

CHAPTER XII.

NOTICE TO QUIT.

MR. TUDOR was requested by the Earl to give Mr. Ap Adam notice to quit the vicarage, upon the plea that, as the living was his, he must eject the tenant. The task was not pleasant; still he could not refuse to do it without offending his own patron, and his mother's *apparent* benefactor. It was he, therefore, who wrote a polite letter to Ap Adam, regretting the necessity of asking him to vacate the vicarage—though it was the Earl who received such rent as the schoolmaster had paid.

Ap Adam took the notice coolly enough, shrugging his shoulders, and saying, "That is the Earl. I expected as much. I didn't set Evan the Tower's leg for nothing. Now I must continue my travels. I shall be sorry to part with Caradoc. Why must one feel sorrow and interest, in spite of one's best efforts to avoid them?"

But the Pennants were not so cool when they, in turn, heard from Mr. Ap Adam that he must give up his school with the vicarage.

"You won't leave us till you have polished off the boys?" said Farmer Pennant.

"And Daisy?" added his wife; for Daisy had been some time under tuition when the notice arrived.

"The boys will have more time to give to ploughing and sowing, and Daisy to the making of butter and cheese. Much more important and useful than any-

thing I can teach them," rejoined Ap Adam.

"You are tired of us?" suggested the old farmer.

"No. The last years of my life have been the quietest, and almost the happiest, I ever passed. I have not known you and yours in vain, sir."

"Then you must not leave us," rejoined the old man. "David, we can hammer up the barn into a school-room, and find bed and board here for Master Ap Adam."

"Surely, father, if you will. But our friend may not like it," replied David Pen-nant.

"He likes genuine hospitality, at any rate," said Ap Adam, rising to hide some feeling that forced itself uppermost. "But you must consider—I must consider—one cannot take advantage;" and the reserved schoolmaster fairly broke down.

His companions had too much tact to

continue the subject, and it was set aside for that day.

But when the Earl returned from taking his son to Eton, he heard that the tenant ejected from the vicarage had been welcomed at the farm, and that Mr. Ap Adam was continuing his scholastic labours at Brynhafod. This was written down in the book of his memory as another offence of the Pennants, to be avenged when the occasion offered.

But years passed, and no particular occasion occurred. To all appearance matters went on quietly around him. He himself grew more moody and restless, but, at the same time, riches increased from various sources. Wrecks continued at intervals, though, for some mysterious reason, less frequently than at the time when this tale began; old leases lapsed and new ones were granted—if granted at all—at an

enormous increase of rent ; property reverted to him at the death of a distant relative, and he needed to stretch the utmost limit of his imagination to declare himself poor, when everybody knew that he must be rich. But no one dared to gainsay him. Your proud, reserved, uncompromising man wields a mighty sceptre. People are afraid of him, and although they may misdoubt him, they are silent.

It was so with the Lord of Craigavon. He was disliked by his equals and feared by his inferiors ; still no one resisted him—no one, indeed, knew exactly what to say about him. His reputation was negative. He did not entertain profusely ; he was not benevolent ; he would not extirpate the wreckers, root and branch ; he did not build a lighthouse ; he was not unkind to his family ; he was not a genial man. What he was he managed to keep to himself, so

that not even his wife knew. One thing, however, he was—devoted to his only son.

Although Lord Penruddock preferred school, college, foreign travel, anything to home, when once he had left the Castle, his father never crossed his will. Was he right or was he wrong? We have seen him as a boy, we have to consider him as a man, and in so doing must leap over the important years of adolescence, not only as regards his lordship, but the other youth of this our veracious, history.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE ESGAIR.

ONE evening in Autumn a figure stood at the extremity of the Esgair. The signs both of sea and sky indicated a stormy night, and the wreckers were preparing their false lights for their diabolical work. The Esgair, as has been said, was the ledge of rocks that ran the farthest into the sea of any on that coast—farther even than the promontory on which Craigavon Castle stood. It was difficult and even dangerous of access, on account of the slippery nature of the rock in some parts, and its irregu-

larity in others ; still it was not unapproachable, though shunned by the superstitious on account of its name and the legends that appertained to it. Its highest point was a cone, surmounted by a sort of shelf of overhanging rock, which looked towards the sea, and was called *Cader y Wüch*, or the "Witch's Chair." The back or concave of this chair alone was dimly visible from the land ; the hollow or front from the sea. Latterly, the country-folk and fishermen declared that witches, fairies, corpse-candles, and all sorts of strange sights were visible on the Esgair. As the fairies were in those days universally believed in, most people imagined they had taken compassion on the mariners, and were struggling with evil, in order to save them from destruction. The "little men in green" were supposed to be the souls of such human beings as were not good enough for heaven, nor bad enough for

the other place, so had their purgatory here, while permitted to aid in saving life and doing good. But their haunts were never invaded, though many a dweller amongst the vales and hills were said to have frequently seen them.

The fairy, or witch, as may be, that stood on the Esgair, was clad neither in green nor black, the fabled colours of the species, but wore the Welsh costume. She—for it was a woman—was dressed in the striped woollen of the country manufacture. The short petticoat and looped-up gown not only enabled their wearer to climb the rocks like a roe, but displayed a beautifully-shaped foot and ankle, while the short-hooded scarlet cloak and high black beaver hat protected her both from sun and shower. The figure beneath was tall, lithe, and graceful. The face—oh, what a face it was!—"beautiful exceedingly." Bands of sun-brown

hair lay below the full lace border of the cap, and dark, straight eyebrows between the high white forehead and drooped eyelids. The cheeks were pink and round as health and youth could make them, while the line of features was regular as that of the statue of a Greek Venus. The eyes were not visible, for she was bending over some object with which her hands were engaged. These ungloved hands were sunburnt, and, though delicately shaped, seemed not unused to labour.

She stood near the Witch's Chair, on what would have appeared to most people a dangerous ledge of rock, but was to her evidently a place of security. Here and there patches of soil dotted the Esgair, and she had reached one of these; so that, whatever the danger of her scramble, she considered herself safe. She was stooping over some sort of hole, from the opening of

which she had removed a flat stone, and whence she drew carefully what looked like an enormous lantern. Placing it within the Witch's Chair, she took from a large pocket, that lay beneath her short tucked-up gown, three or four packages. One contained a flask of oil and a wick, the other a tinder-box. From these she supplied and trimmed her monster lantern, and with much difficulty struck a light to kindle her wick. In days when there were no lucifer matches, or such like appliances, some skill was needed to strike the flint with steel so as to let the sparks fall on the tinder beneath, and produce the desired flame. It was, however, done successfully on this occasion, and a powerful light soon blazed within the big lantern. Happily there was no wind with the brooding storm. Had there been, so fragile a figure could not have stood on the Esgair, and the tinder would not have kept

alight. As it was, however, our young witch managed not only to keep her footing, but to hang her giant lantern beneath the stone canopy of her chair.

When this was done, she knelt down, and clasping her hands, and uplifting her eyes to the darkening sky, said aloud,

“Bless this beacon, O Lord, and save yonder ships from destruction ; for His sake who stilleth the tempest. Amen.”

The upturned eyes were deeply blue and lustrous, and gave expression to a face of singular loveliness.

Rising, she examined the fastenings of her lantern, and muttered,

“Once more, *Carad bach !*”

Apertures were chiseled in the rock, both above and at the back, to receive the iron-holders of the lantern, which were so inserted into them as to steady it, and which, being cast with the girders, were capable of

resisting the winds. It was a wonderful contrivance, and must have cost the inventor much time and pains. Under no circumstances could the simple machinery have been seen from a distance without a telescope, and in the twilight that would not serve. That the light was, at least, dimly visible from afar was certain, because of the reputation the spot had suddenly again acquired for supernatural appearances. Will-o'-the-wisps, or, as the Welsh call them, corpse-candles, are common enough in all damp mountainous districts; so the sensible may have attributed this and similar lights to natural causes, but the ignorant to supernatural.

The sea raged below and the sky darkened above, when the young lamplighter turned from her work, and fearlessly re-crossed the Esgair. She was sure of foot as a mountain-sheep, and seemed to dare the

precipices as if they were common field-paths. She evidently knew every step she had best take, and in less than ten minutes was beyond the steep slippery rocks, and safe on the hill at the back. Then she ran up the rough mountain road, between serried ranks of prickly yellow gorse and heather—across a sheep-path on the down, where, like Scott's Ellen, she scarcely crushed the harebell, which rose "elastic from her airy tread"—and finally reached the road to Brynhafod.

"Good evening, miss; I know you by your whistle. Make you haste, or the storm will be upon you," said a cheery voice. "We're looking for a wreck to-night, and master has told us to be ready."

"Good night, Moses. I didn't know I was whistling so loud," was the reply.

Our witch had been whistling a Welsh air, softly as a sleepy blackbird, and now

turned it into a song. *Ar hyd y Nos*—"All through the Night,"—suddenly pierced the heavy air, in a sweet clear treble voice. No sooner had it begun, however, than it was interrupted by a joyful bark, and a big dog was upon her.

"Gwylfa! bad Gwylfa! Where have you been? Suppose I had fallen into the sea? Ah, I understand; you have been down to help. No wreck to-night, Gwylfa. Here comes the rain!"

"Where have you been, Daisy?" interrupted a voice, and a young man stood beside her. "You should not be out so late. I have been seeking you ever since I came in from the field. We have been obliged to stack the corn again, because of the threatening weather, and I worked till sunset, or I should have been after you before."

"I have been looking for the fairies

again, Michael, as the Master says," laughed Daisy. "They keep me from harm. Oh! if I could but see them, and catch one, and bring her home, and put her in—in—a lantern! But how it pours!"

"Take my arm, Daisy, and let us run."

"Oh, Michael, you know you must not run. And now you will catch cold again, and it will be my fault! Mother told me not to let you be out in the rain. If you have another of those horrible blisters, and have to be bled, I shall never, never forgive myself."

Michael and Daisy hurried through the rain, arm-in-arm, and finally reached Brynhafod, followed by Gwylfa. They were met in the passage by Mrs. Pennant and Marget.

"What have you been about, Daisy?" asked the one.

"I'll tell you what it is, Miss Daisy,"

began the other; "if you get wet, you shall be drying your own clothes."

"Oh! mother, I was only caught in the rain just in the road. Now don't scold, Marget; I will dry them all myself—but look to Michael," replied Daisy, whispering the last part of the sentence aside to Marget.

She ran up to her room, while Marget got possession of Michael.

Doubtless the reader knew from the first, despite the cunning of the writer, that the witch on the Esgair was Daisy. And the maiden was assuredly a witch and a daisy in one. The witch in the scarlet cloak and conical hat; the daisy when they were removed. Her delicate cheeks were pink and white, her pretty lace cap had pink ribbons in it, and her muslin apron was white as daisy petals. The furniture of her little room was also of white dimity; while a

pink patchwork quilt of a most elaborate pattern covered the bed.

"It will be a horrible night," she said, glancing out of the window that faced the sea. "Shall Carad or the wreckers have the best of it? Why will the Earl keep that light in his tower? He can't be dressing for dinner, or undressing for bed."

She ran down to the hall, where she was greeted by Old Farmer Pennant, who was smoking his pipe in the chimney-corner, with, "Ah! my Eye of Day, thou hast been much back-bitten by thine elders. Why dost stop out in the rain? Now don't break my pipe, child."

"Let me stuff it instead, grandfather," she cried, as she kissed the old man.

He was still hale as ever, though perhaps his hair was whiter than of old. There was a loud knock at the front door, and Daisy ran to open it.

"Will you give an old man shelter, Miss Daisy?" said a voice. "I shall never reach the Castle in this rain."

"Madoc, dear old Madoc, come in. What! you have your harp? Then you shall play for us! Grandfather, is it not delightful?"

A white-haired old man, bending under the weight of a harp, staggered into the hall. He was the Castle harper; for, even into the present century, the Welsh nobility and country gentry maintained their harpist, who played in the hall during dinner. The Earl's stipend was not large, and Madoc sometimes earned money elsewhere by playing at the neighbouring farms.

"Put down your harp and come and dry yourself, man," said Old Farmer Pennant. "'Tis almost time you and I stopped work. We're over eighty, and when you die of age, I shall quake for fear."

"You'll neither of you die yet awhile. Give me that damp neckerchief, Madoc," said Daisy, taking a piece of swathing yellow calico from the old man's neck, and hanging it before the blazing fire. "How does the sea sound to-night?"

"Fearfully rough. Wind rising north-east," replied Madoc.

"On purpose to blow the ships on the quicksands," returned Daisy, pettishly, "just to favour the wreckers!"

"Thee must not say that, child. Thou knowest Who holds the tempest in the hollow of His hand," remarked the farmer.

"Yes, grandfather. But the wrecks are so awful; the drowned men so horrible! I cannot bear them!"

Michael came in. He had grown into a man—thin, pale, and thoughtful-looking. His hair was black and long, his eyes large and lustrous. It was no wonder that his

poor mother was always anxious about him —she who had lost so many children from that mountain scourge, consumption. His eyes turned instinctively on Daisy.

“You did not get wet, dear?” he said.

“No, Michael. And if I had, I should not have minded. I am so strong, and love the wind and rain so much, that nothing hurts me. Is father at the bay?”

“He is on the look-out somewhere. Madoc, are there lights about among the cliffs?” asked Michael.

“I saw none to-night. But what is the fire on the Esgair, that the fishermen talk of? Farmer Morris told me that Twm, the oyster-dredger, told him it had saved a brig from Cardiff on the night of the last storm.”

“Doubtless it is the Lord’s fire,” replied Mr. Pennant, reverently. “Where evil is, good comes to counteract.”

Daisy's face flushed, and she went towards the door.

"Where are you going, Daisy?" said Michael, who was watching her.

"To get Madoc some hot spiced ale, and see after dry clothes for father. Then we will have some music."

She disappeared.

"Bless her! She gets prettier every day!" exclaimed Madoc. "All the youths of the country-side are in love with her."

"Too young—too young and hot-headed to think of love yet awhile—she can't be seventeen," said the old farmer; while Michael's pale face grew paler.

He bestirred himself, however, to place Madoc's harp near the old man in the chimney-corner, and to fetch his own from the parlour, which he put at a little distance. Daisy soon returned with the hot ale, which Madoc drank with all his heart.

"Thou drinkest as thou playest, man, in earnest," laughed the farmer, "I wish I could see our Michael do that."

"Now, Madoc, you must play," said Daisy, imperatively. "You first, then Michael, then both together. It is delightful. We can forget the storm. Hark! how it blows! But there are no guns, as when I was cast ashore, mother *fach*!"

The girl shuddered. She knew all of her history that was known, and was never tired of making Mrs. Pennant recite the story of her adoption at the farm.

Madoc began to play, and Marget stole in and took her favourite seat on the settle, while Mrs. Pennant went to her accustomed stool in the chimney-corner, knitting in hand. Daisy sat down beside her, and leaning her elbow on her knee, her cheek on her hand, listened; while the old farmer took his pipe from his mouth, and Michael

stood by his own harp, attentive to Madoc, gazing at Daisy. When the aged harper ceased, Michael, at a word from Daisy, began to play ; and then, as if inspired by their own music and the Welsh airs they loved so well, they played together.

“ Now, Eye of Day, sing us ‘ Llwyn On,’ ” said Mr. Pennant.

“ Play you, Michael,” said Madoc ; and the young man struck a few chords as an accompaniment.

Daisy’s clear fresh voice rang through the hall. It was not quite uncultivated, and she, like Michael, had picked up a little music from old Madoc. When she ceased, the men clapped their hands, and the harper asked, “ Is that the song you sang to my Lady Mona ? ”

“ I have sung her many, Madoc. Do you know how she is ? ” replied Daisy.

“ They say she is no better, and that my

lord is going to London with her by-and-by."

"Hush! there is father!" exclaimed Daisy, starting up and running to the door. "What of the ships?" she added, as David Pennant entered, together with the moonlight.

"Safe! past the Esgair! No wreck to-night, little Daisy."

"Thank God!" cried the girl, clasping her hands, and hurrying to hide her emotion in preparations for supper.

She and Marget laid the meal, while Mrs. Pennant dozed in her favourite corner.

"You said we were past work, master, just now," quietly remarked the harper. "The Earl thinks so too. His lordship's tired of me, and wants to get rid of me."

"There's always a home for you at Brynhafod," returned old Mr. Pennant. "But

the Earl won't turn you away, for very shame."

"He gets nearer and nearer every day," whispered Madoc, as if afraid of being heard.

"They say the young lord is a fine pull upon him," said David Pennant. "Well, Daisy, but you've given us a grand supper, in honour of Madoc."

She had, indeed, made the board groan with good cheer, and stood to contemplate it with evident delight. Michael stood by her, and when they all sat down to supper seated himself by her side.

The old farmer said grace, and allowed no one but himself to lead family worship; so when supper was over, and cleared away, the household assembled as usual for reading and prayer. His voice faltered when he put up a special petition for the absent, but it resumed its strength when he offered

praise for the stilling of the tempest.

"Now, Madoc, strike up the Old Hundredth," he said, when they rose from their knees; and all stood to join in the grand and familiar psalm.

Large tears were in Daisy's eyes as, putting her hand into Mrs. Pennant's, she murmured, "Oh, mother, if Carad were but here!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A SUMMONS TO THE CASTLE.

THE following morning, at dawn, Daisy was again on the Esgair, but not alone: Gwylfa was at her side. The old dog insisted on doing what his friends did, and more than they could do. Daisy had extinguished the still burning light, had replaced the big lantern in its hiding-place, carefully covered it up with its stony lid, and had seated herself in the Witch's Chair, to watch the sunlight spread gradually over the sea. The sun had risen behind the mountain at her back, and was slowly dis-

persing the mists that hung about it, and revealing the golden gorse, and red and purple bracken and heather, that covered the hill-side as with a many-coloured garment ; revealing, also, the white sheep just awakening from sleep, and shaking the night dews from their fleece ; revealing and arousing all nature, animate and inanimate. Daisy saw the shadows float softly over the sea, and then dance away with the lights ; saw the seagulls poise, hover, dip, and rise from the waves ; and saw the great eagle soar up from its eyrie. Then she listened intently, for she heard a lark pouring out its little soul in a song of praise somewhere above her, "near heaven's gate ;" and then she herself sang very softly, as if in unison, a verse of a Welsh hymn. Gwylfa put his head on her lap, fixed his eyes upon her, and listened.

There was a ship riding safely at anchor

on the far horizon, and there were some fishing-smacks coming in from oyster-dredging towards Monad; but there were no bending masts or signs of wreck on the distant merfa, or sea-marsh. So Daisy's young heart rejoiced, and her song of praise ascended cheerily from the lonely Esgair.

Gwylfa suddenly pricked his long ears, and glanced down the precipice. A whistle sounded from below, and when it reached Daisy, a few moments after it reached the sagacious dog, she rose, exclaiming, "Has he come, Gwylfa? How early he is!" and began a perilous descent to the beach instead of her usual homeward way across the Esgair.

In less than ten minutes her hand was grasped by her old friend and tutor, Mr. Ap Adam.

"I thought you were never coming back, and here you are at cockcrow," she began.

"Why have you been so long? We have been wondering what had become of you."

"*You*, at least, need not wonder, Daisy, who are in the secret council, or rather have thrust yourself into it, and made of the duet a trio," he replied, smiling at the bright morning vision that greeted him. "I have been fishing and geologising from the Dinas to the Garth Mawr, and making acquaintance with lots of people."

"Could you see the beacon?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes. That brought me home so early, for I knew you would be here to extinguish it. Let us go back to breakfast."

The tide was out, and they walked along the beach.

"I have been staying at Glanhir, and making my observations," said Ap Adam. "I find that our beacon is called the 'Witch's Candle,' and that we are safe from

discovery as long as it is believed supernatural. But the Earl will scarcely be misled, and his interest goes with the wreckers. If Carad were here, we should foil them all. But you must only venture at special seasons."

"Have you heard from him? When will he be at home?" cried Daisy, eagerly.

"I should think in a few months, for he is sure to pass."

"Then he will never leave us again."

Ap Adam shook his head. "He is too adventurous and aspiring to pass his life here, Daisy."

"He has promised mother."

"Only if she insists on it; and I scarcely think she can."

Daisy's dark lashes fell. She could not bear separation from her brother Carad. She did not know whether she loved him or Michael best; but he was her ideal of per-

fection—her brave, clever, unselfish handsome protector and friend. Ap Adam glanced at her and sighed.

“My work again,” he thought. “Even this child has learnt too much.”

Yet he might have been proud of his work. Neither of the three pupils, to whom he had devoted himself during his residence at Brynhafod, had ever done anything to disgrace either him or their parents; and he loved them as if they were his children.

“You will not leave us again, sir?” said Daisy, uplifting her drooping eyelids, and displaying the violets beneath.

“My dear, you must understand me. As long as I could repay my friends for their kindness by my poor scholastic services I remained willingly. If it were not for my miserable sight, I could make-believe to do farm-work by day, and set our beacon alight

each night; but I am good for nothing but poring over old books and old stones; and I cannot eat the bread of dependence."

"I do not feel dependent, yet I am," said Daisy, flushing.

"You are their adopted daughter, and will be——" Ap Adam paused, but Daisy understood him.

She knew that he meant "will be their real daughter, when you are a little older, and marry Michael." She was young, but felt intuitively how well Michael loved her, and that everyone had settled their marriage some day. The thought always made her grave, but not unhappy; it was so natural. He was only a few years older than she, whereas Caradoc was almost a man when she was a child. Not that Michael had ever spoken to her of love other than a brother's; and Carad had not even seen her since she had grown up; and

she looked on him as quite old, and superior to everyone else. Still she dared not ask herself which she loved best; and in the vulgar sense of "being in love," she had made no inquiry at all, needing none.

But it was Caradoc she had watched and followed all her life. While Michael ailed at home, she had scaled precipices, ascended mountains, forded brooks, collected curiosities with him. From him she had learnt to whistle, to ride, to drive, to climb trees, to perform many masculine acts; and with him she had acquired such knowledge as Ap Adam chose to teach her. She knew something of Latin and Greek—of history, geography, and poetry; she had a smattering of much knowledge, and a desire for more; but, when Caradoc left home, study was no longer the delight it had been.

It was while eagerly watching him and Mr. Ap Adam, and listening to their conver-

sation, sometimes in Welsh, sometimes in English, that she had learnt the secret of the beacon ; and, once learnt, Caradoc made her his confidante in this as in most things, on a promise never to betray confidence. No one else was to know the origin of the light on the Esgair, lest the knowledge should bring trouble.

When Daisy and Ap Adam reached the farm breakfast was ready, and the men were coming from the field.

"I shan't trust you to help me churn again, Miss Daisy," said Marget, as they crossed the barton and entered by the back-door ; "your promises are pie-crustès, sure enough. And there's missus has had the dairy to see to, and she's as weak as a new-born calf."

"See what I've brought you, Marget," said Daisy.

"Lord bless us ! here's the schoolmas-

ter!" cried Marget, wiping her hands on her apron in order to shake Ap Adam's. "Well, I'm glad enough to see you, sir; but there'll be nothing but them dirty books now, and less work than ever in Daisy."

There was vehement welcome when Ap Adam appeared at breakfast.

"You may as well make away with yourself at once, man, as go scrambling about as you do, with your bad sight," said old Pennant, when he had half shaken his hand off; "why can't you be content to read here? There are rooms enough, now Carad's away."

"Right, Mr. Pennant, I do but cumber the ground," said Ap Adam, who took, as a rule, a dejected view of life.

"There you are again!" exclaimed David Pennant; "why, you're not a bit improved. We cast off tares and stones and such refuse

from our land, while we welcome you back to it."

Ap Adam smiled.

"And they don't turn even a helpless old man away, sir," said Madoc the harper, staying a large piece of ham on a steel fork, as it was about to make its way to his mouth.

"Nor a helpless young woman," put in Daisy, courtesying demurely towards Mrs. Pennant, as she stood behind the old farmer to pour him out a mug of ale. "Here we are, the three degrees of comparison— young, younger, youngest; housed, more housed, most housed."

"Ha! ha! see what a scholar you've made of her," laughed David, who, like the rest of the household, not only did his best to spoil Daisy, but to make her vain.

"She supplied my deficiencies. The master never could turn me into a scholar,"

remarked Michael, looking tenderly at Daisy.

"You were too weakly to learn; you were ever a sickly lamb," said Mrs. Pennant. "But Carad! Ach! There's clever he is!"

The good woman always roused up at the thought of Carad.

"What's the good of his talents if he carry them away from home," said David, wrathfully; and Daisy glanced at Ap Adam.

When breakfast was over she had enough employment. In the first place she washed up the breakfast things, then she helped Mrs. Pennant to make the beds.

"Why did you put old David into Carad's room?" she asked. "He might have meddled with his property, and then wouldn't Carad have been angry!"

"You know, my dear, I always keep the bed made and the sheets aired in case he

should come back of a sudden," replied Mrs. Pennant, who never expected notice of her son's return.

"Ah, mother, how you love him ! So do I. Everybody loves Carad. Yet he was naughty sometimes."

"I think it was mostly you who led him into mischief. Carad's wild and daring ; but, Daisy ! *Ach yn wir !*"

Mrs. Pennant smiled, and Daisy, fancying a reproof, coloured hotly.

"I shall dust his room, mother," she said ; and Mrs. Pennant left her to her work.

Daisy had helped to collect most of the strange medley of curiosities that filled this apartment, and knew, therefore, their value in the eyes of Caradoc. There was one shelf covered with specimens from the mineral kingdom, another the vegetable, a third the animal.

"I cannot bear these," muttered Daisy, turning from the bottles which contained wonderful creatures preserved in spirits; "but Carad never killed them; he could not do that."

The book-shelf apparently interested her most, for, as she took down one volume after another from the small library, she opened each and forgot her work in it. Many passages were marked, and these she read often, exclaiming, "So like him! Dear Carad!"

But for her peculiar education, it would have been strange to see her poring over a Latin book as intently as a Welsh or an English one; but she was apt at languages, and her masters had taught her well.

"Here's Morris the Castle," were the words that suddenly roused her from her inopportune studies; and Marget put her head in at the door. "She says she wants

you, and I says you're busy; but I didn't tell the lie knowingly, for I thought you were at work."

Daisy started as if taken in a crime. There was dew in the violets as she gazed up at Marget.

"I'm thankful I can't read," was Marget's exclamation. "I see no good in books but to make one idle. Read instead of dusting; read instead of spinning; read instead of mending the stockings—that's what Miss Daisy and other learned magpies do. When I put her into the tub that night I never could have believed she'd turn into such a lazy cuckoo."

"Who did you say wanted me, Marget?"

"Morris, lady's-maid, the Castle."

"What for?"

"I didn't ask her—I'm not liking her well enough. She's as smooth and fine as

a peahen in her grey and white, and talks about as squeaky."

Daisy laughed with a ring that startled the curiosities.

"Fine for you to laugh while missus does the work!" said Marget, offended, and hurrying down the passage.

Daisy found Lady Mona's maid, Morris, in the hall awaiting her. She shook hands with her; but Daisy had a way of her own that repelled familiarity when she did not desire it, and of this Mrs. Morris was only too conscious. She was always trying to patronise Daisy, and trying to no purpose. She made a point of speaking English when she could, and her accent and idioms were decidedly national.

"Lady Mona is sending me to ask you to come to the Castle this afternoon, Miss Pennant; her ladyship is feeling dool now the company has gone."

"Is Lady Mona better?" asked Daisy.

"Well, she is feeling better, Miss Pennant, when she is being amused, and that is why she is sending for you. Her ladyship the Countess is requesting you to come."

Daisy's spirit rebelled at the manner of the summons, but she did not venture to disobey.

"At what hour, Mrs. Morris?"

"As soon as you can after luncheon, Miss Pennant. Sure, my lady is very condescending to be asking you—quite an honour, as everybody is saying; but then her ladyship do like to be hearing the news."

"I am sure I never have any; but I am glad if I can be of use to Lady Mona," said Daisy, rather abruptly—for she had a singularly straightforward manner, and seldom hesitated to speak her thoughts. "I will just run and ask mother first."

She found Mrs. Pennant in the dairy.

"Mother, Marget has been scolding me for idling, and now I am come to ask if I may go to the Castle. It sounds grand, but I think I would rather not go; I don't like entering by the postern, as if I were a servant."

"You might take the tenants' door, Daisy. But you must not be proud."

"It is not pride, mother; but the men look at me as I pass, and make their remarks. They are grander than my lord, and much more familiar. It was all well while Carad was at home and took me, for they were afraid of him. He was really more noble than the Earl, and conducted himself as well as Lord Penruddock."

"Is the young lord at home, Daisy?"

"They never send for me when he is at home, mother; and you know he has not been at the Castle for two or three years. I

should like to speak to him, he looks so free and handsome."

"Fie, Daisy! it is not befitting young girls to talk so of young men, especially their betters. You must tell Miss Morris you will be very happy to wait upon Lady Mona. Besides, you will see Miss Manent."

"Come and say it for me, mother. No; I am not sure that I shall see Miss Manent. She goes sometimes to Maesglâs to visit Mrs. Tudor."

"Sure, they say Mark Tudor is fond of her, but that the Earl won't let them marry. They've been acquainted long enough."

Mrs. Pennant accompanied Daisy to the hall, and made a formal speech to Morris, to the effect that Daisy should "wait upon Lady Mona."

"You will take a glass of ale or mead, and a piece of cake, Miss Morris," said Mrs. Pennant, with customary hospitality; for

none were thought to do their duty at the farm who declined to eat and drink there.

"It is rather early, Mrs. Pennant; but I've no objections," replied Morris, in Welsh this time. "A glass of mead, if you please."

Daisy went to a cupboard in the wainscoted side of the hall, and took out a decanter and glasses, which she placed on an elaborately-gilt tray that stood on end on a neighbouring table. Then producing some rich home-made cake, she carried the tray to the large table. She then poured out two glasses of mead, or metheglin, as it was called, and gave one to Morris, the other to Mrs. Pennant, who would not have considered it polite to allow her visitor to drink alone.

"Your good health, Mrs. Pennant," said Morris, elegantly sipping the strong home-made honey-sweet mead.

"The same to you, Miss Morris, and

better health to my Lady Mona," returned Mrs. Pennant.

When Morris had departed, Mrs. Pennant's first and womanly idea was Daisy's dress; so—as Marget expressed it—"More time was lost in trying on that new silk gown than the gown and Daisy were worth." Nevertheless, Daisy had resumed her ordinary attire for the twelve-o'clock dinner, when the men, Ap Adam inclusive, came in hot and tired from the wheat-harvest. It must therefore be conceded, in spite of Marget's counter-opinion, that Daisy had done a good morning's work between the time when she stood on the Esgair, and the mid-day meal. She looked, too, as girls who work with a will usually do, all the better for it; and it is not surprising that Michael should take her hand and say, with his soft voice and gentle manner, "You look as fresh as a rose, my Daisy."

CHAPTER XV.

FEARLESS.

EVER since that first visit, when she lost her locket and chain, Daisy had been in the habit of going from time to time to the Castle. When Lady Mona's life was unusually dull and monotonous, she sent for Daisy to enliven it; and the fearless naïveté of the child of the farm amused the young lady of the Castle. As Daisy grew up, the Countess, also, admitted her to the somewhat melancholy grandeur of her apartments, and so she became, in some

sort, privileged, if not exactly as guest, at least as familiar dependent. Not that she would have owned herself a dependent. She belonged to the principal farmer of the district, and was independent as the Lady Mona herself; but she was willing to subserve to the rank she had been taught to honour. Her peculiar education and surroundings gave a tone to her mind and manners that made her sufficiently ladylike never to offend even the refined taste of the Countess; and even when, now and again, she accidentally met the Earl, he failed to find any special flaw in her conduct at which he could take exception. And he did perseveringly seek such a flaw; for he objected to her visits to the Castle, though he could give no sufficient reason why, the more especially as she never came without messages of duty from Mrs. Pennant, and a basket of the choicest of the farm produce. Of course

it was impossible always to conceal her presence from the Earl when she came to the Castle, so he was given to understand that she not only amused his daughter, but helped on her education, and prevented her pining for other companions. But it was easy to see that he disliked Daisy, and was more moody than usual when he by chance stumbled upon her.

In spite of clever arrangements to the contrary, he met her as she was tripping over the stony road on the day we have just reached. He was on horseback, and would have been at a distance but for an unexpected delay. His groom was behind him—and Daisy thought the Earl a very grand-looking gentleman, albeit she did not like him particularly. But she did not fear him, as did everyone else. Why should she? She had never done anything to injure or offend him.

She was about to pass him with the country curtsey she had somehow managed to make graceful, when he stopped to speak to her. He knew that English was as familiar to her as Welsh, thanks to Ap Adam and the Lady Mona, so he addressed her in that language, which his groom could not understand.

“Morning, Miss Pennant. I hear that Madoc, my harper, was at Brynhafod last night,” he began.

“Yes, my lord. He was overtaken by the storm, and grandfather made him stay,” replied Daisy, quietly, but without hesitation.

“He is past work. Will you tell Farmer Pennant that I should like his son, who, I hear, plays the harp, to take his place.”

“Yes, my lord; but Michael is not strong. He seldom goes out at night.”

“Some one goes out at night if he does

not. But you will deliver my message. Where are you going?"

"To the Castle, my lord. My Lady Mona has sent for me."

"What have you in your basket?"

"Some new-laid eggs and fresh butter, and a bottle of cream, my lord, which mother hopes my Lady Mona will be pleased to accept, because she says unexpected food pleases the sick."

"Nonsense! Lady Mona is not sick."

"Oh, my lord!"

As Daisy uttered this interjection, she suddenly raised her eyes to the Earl and met his. There was a sort of reproach in her tone and look, but nothing disrespectful. His eyes fell instantly, and his countenance changed. Still he did not move on, but continued in a low severe voice,

"That Ap Adam was also with you last night. Where did he come from?"

"Maesglâs, my lord."

"What was he doing there?"

"Surveying the country, I believe, my lord."

The Earl was now treading very near Daisy's secret; still she was fearless, for she knew that she could keep it.

"Surveying? I thought he was a doctor."

"He knows everything, my lord."

"He knows too much. Does he know the nature of the light on the Esgair?"

"I think so, my lord."

"What does he say it is?"

"He calls it the witch's bonfire."

"Does he say why it is there? He has the reputation of 'a wise man of the mountain.'"

"He says it burns to save the ships, and circumvent the wreckers."

Daisy in her fearless truthfulness had

circumvented the Earl, even while her heart beat rapidly with terror lest he should ask what she dared not answer. His face looked grim and ghastly, she thought, as he rode on, and put no more questions; and hers was more thoughtful than it had been when she met him, as she pursued her way. She was grieved that Michael should be asked to do what he would dislike, and distressed that even the Earl should misrepresent the master. Although, during all these years, no one had learnt his history, she and her friends were sure that he was a good and true man; and were annoyed that, owing to the ignorance and superstition of the peasantry, he should be reputed supernaturally wise. He laughed at this, and used his knowledge to do such good as he was able, regardless that some of his experiments were before his age and the people amongst whom he dwelt.

When Daisy had passed through the ordeal of crossing the side court and being stared at by the servants, she was escorted by Morris to the tapestried chamber, where she found the Countess and Lady Mona. To tell the truth, Morris was jealous of Daisy, and when she left her within the door with the words "Miss Pennant, my lady," she closed it unwillingly, with the addition of "I wonder what they can have to say to such a pert chit."

Daisy made her pretty curtsey, and stood still a moment, her basket on her arm. The Countess was seated at her embroidery in the window, as usual; Lady Mona was lying on a couch, a book in her hand. But Lady Mona started up quite briskly, and said—"Come here, Daisy. What have you got? Butter? I cannot eat ours. Eggs? We never get fresh ones. Cream? We are never allowed cream. And such sweet

flowers! Did you grow those carnations and roses, Daisy? Mine die under the east winds and sea air."

"I planted them myself. And, if you please, my lady," said Daisy, turning from Lady Mona, who had seized upon her, to the Countess, "mother asks your pardon for the liberty, but she sends this with her duty, thinking Lady Mona——"

"Yes, Daisy, I will eat it all!" interrupted her ladyship, laughing. "But where did you get that lovely silk gown? It is quite new, and so becoming. Look, mamma, how it suits her. I haven't one half as pretty. I never have anything pretty."

"You really should not say so, darling," remarked the Countess. "But it is pretty. How long have you had it, Daisy?"

"Father brought it me from town last June fair, my lady, and Miss James, the

dressmaker, has just been to make it up," replied Daisy, blushing.

"Put your hat and cloak on the table in the corner, Daisy," said Lady Mona. "Look, mamma, she is quite like a lady in her new dress."

In those days the aristocracy alone said "Mamma." It was their privilege ; now we are reversing it.

"Daisy always looks nice," said the Countess, smiling and nodding.

"You never say that of me," said discontented Lady Mona.

"Ah! but your ladyship is so beautiful!" exclaimed Daisy, quite naturally, and looking admiringly at Lady Mona.

Daisy was not far from the truth. The Lady Mona had grown up into a woman so delicately fair and elegant that it was impossible not to admire her. Even the discontented, peevish expression that some-

times passed into her face scarcely disfigured it, because it was supposed to arise from ill-health, and was excused or humour-ed accordingly. Her mother adored her; Miss Manent worshipped her, in a way; the servants yielded to her least wish; and even her father rarely contradicted her. He was always ready to promise to pleasure her, though he rarely kept his promises.

"Pray sit down," said the Countess, for Daisy was still standing.

Young people stood long in those times in the presence of either rank or age.

Daisy seated herself near Lady Mona's sofa, and her bright healthful face contrasted with her ladyship's pale, languishing beauty. Both were "fair as fair could be," but wholly different in person and mind. There was contrast even in the grace of their figures, which bespoke the contrast within. The one was light, easy, unconscious move-

ment; the other, dreamy, wearisome, selfish repose—results of a healthy and unhealthy life. Farmer Pennant roused and made useful all Daisy's good qualities; the Earl depressed the Lady Mona's. Still she was not deficient in them, and, with more freedom of life, would have been as happy in her station as Daisy in hers. Although some five or six years older than Daisy, she looked as young; for she looked younger, Daisy older, than her years. If she was really an invalid it was more from *ennui* than illness, for her father's peculiar habits rendered friendly intercourse with their equals difficult, if not impossible; and the stately interchange of visits that took place at regular intervals was rather wearisome than amusing.

The picture in the tapestried chamber was a pretty one. The Countess at her frame in the oriel, in her rich brocade and lace, her

hair just beginning to whiten beneath her cap ; Lady Mona, half reclining on the sofa, in some soft silken pink gown, and hair drawn off her fair face ; and Daisy in her high-backed chair, demure and *posée*, her mob-cap on her stately head, her basket at her side. The white poodle was no more, and had been replaced by a dainty King Charles, actually named Puff, in remembrance of Daisy's first ejaculation at sight of Blanche ; and the new pet slept on Lady Mona's sofa.

Lady Mona inherited her father's inquisitiveness, so she set to work at once to ask questions concerning every person and thing she knew either by sight or name.

"When is Farmer Pennant's eldest son, Caradoc, coming back ?" she began. "Surely they must have made a doctor of him by this time."

"Mr. Ap Adam says that 'walking the

hospitals' is a very long walk indeed," replied Daisy, "but it must end in time. Carad is walking them still."

The Countess laughed gently.

"I wish I might have Mr. Ap Adam to prescribe for me. Morris says he cures everyone, and practises charms and curious arts. That would be amusing."

"Indeed she is mistaken, my lady. Mr. Ap Adam is a God-fearing man, and I assure your ladyship that he only uses herbs and such medicines as he procures from the druggist's."

"What do you mean by a 'God-fearing man?' You use very Puritanical language, Daisy."

"I mean that he fears God and believes his Holy Word too sincerely to deal with witchcraft, which the Bible forbids. You remember how that Simon and Elymas, the sorcerers, gave up their craft when they

believed, and the men who used the 'curious arts' burned their books. Indeed Mr. Ap Adam is a true Christian."

"Pray don't preach, Daisy. I suppose you learn that from old Mr. Pennant and young Michael, who, they say, preaches to the people at Monad."

"Because they are so wicked and will not go to church," said Daisy, gravely. "If you had ever seen a drowned man, Lady Mona, you could not help preaching. But then your ladyship was never nearly drowned, as I was, and never lost all that belonged to you in the deep waters. When I think of it, I also long to bear my testimony against those who defy the Lord."

"Your education has made you too learned for your position, Daisy," interrupted the Countess. "You must not excite Lady Mona with such subjects."

"Very well, my lady," replied Daisy,

obediently; at which Lady Mona laughed, and rejoiced her mother's heart.

"You shall come to London with me in the Spring," cried Lady Mona. "The Earl has positively promised to take us at last. You shall—let me see, what can you do? You shall nurse Puff when I am at theatres and balls, and drive with me sometimes. You would create a sensation in your Welsh costume."

"I should be afraid to go to London; the journey is so long. I could not part from mother," returned terrified Daisy.

"It is only three weeks. We can post the whole way in three weeks. But you must go if I wish, you know, for no one dares to disobey us."

Lady Mona emphasised the monosyllable haughtily. Daisy coloured, and did not feel so humble as perhaps she ought. It was not unusual for the young people to

disagree, for they had not much really in common ; and Daisy had by nature a resolute spirit, not easily put down when it was a question of justice.

"You shall have all you wish, darling," said the Countess, soothingly.

"All I wish ! never ! never !" cried Lady Mona, starting up with sudden energy. "I have nothing that I wish. We live the lives of nuns and hermits, and I would exchange all the grandeur of Craigavon for Daisy's freedom and Daisy's health."

Lady Mona sat down again, and began to sob hysterically, as she often did when anything crossed her. The Countess was instantly at her side.

"Say you will go to London if she wishes," she whispered to Daisy.

"I cannot, your ladyship, for I do not know that I should be allowed," replied Daisy, firmly.

“What a fool I am ! There is nothing the matter really,” said Lady Mona. “Daisy, ring the bell, and we will order your basket to be removed and the flowers to be put in water. We can settle the London question when the time comes. The Earl says that all at Brynhafod are obstinate mules.”

She spoke disdainfully, as if ashamed of herself and annoyed with her companions. The bell was rung, the basket removed, the flowers arranged, and she returned to her inquiries nonchalantly.

Daisy was soon tolerably at her ease again, and was answering some indifferent question in her clear musical voice, when the door, towards which her back was turned, opened suddenly.

“Penruddock !” exclaimed the two ladies simultaneously, rising, and hurrying towards the in-comer.

Daisy also rose, and turning saw the Countess and Lady Mona embrace a gentleman, whom she recognized as Lord Penraddock.

"And no other!" he answered, gaily, looking at his mother and sister. "But, Mona, you are not so ill as you report yourself. I have actually come from the sweet South because your letter made me think you dying."

"I am glad of any exaggeration that brings you back," said the Countess, roused into unexpected life and cheerfulness. "She is ill, but not dying."

"She only wants a change from these gloomy walls. I have asked lots of people down for the hunting, and they will soon cure her."

"Who?" asked Lady Mona, eagerly.

"The Staveleys, and Colonel Egerton, and Lord Fitz George, and Everard, and——"

While a vivid flush overspread Lady Mona's face, Lord Penruddock suddenly perceived Daisy. She had moved to put on her hat and cloak, feeling intuitively that her presence was no longer required. He saw her first in profile as she stood near the table, her scarlet cloak in her hand. He judged her, from her carriage and dress, to be a visitor, but was puzzled when she hastily put on the cloak and high hat.

"Who is that?" he whispered to his mother.

"Miss Pennant," she replied.

"The little waif?"

The Countess nodded.

Daisy paused irresolute, then turning, perceived that she was the object of attention for the moment. With a sort of distinguished manner, peculiar to her in an emergency, she advanced towards the Countess, and said,

"I think I had better go, my lady."

"Perhaps so, Daisy. Good morning."

"Won't you introduce me, mother?" asked Lord Penruddock, looking with surprise at Daisy.

"Miss Pennant. Lord Penruddock," said the Countess, smiling, though annoyed.

Daisy blushed, and made her peculiar reverence, while his lordship removed his hat, forgotten in the hurry of greeting his relations. So Daisy saw him near at last. She looked towards Lady Mona, who was pre-occupied, apparently, with her dog; then she went to the door. Lord Penruddock opened it, and walked by her side down the corridor.

"Is Caradoc Pennant at home?" he asked abruptly.

"No, my lord, he is in London," she replied.

She was about to turn down the passage

by which she went and came, when he stopped her, and said that she was taking the wrong turning.

"I always go this way, my lord," she replied.

"But I do not, and shall accompany you to the gate, if you will allow me," he rejoined.

"I have left my basket, and mother enjoined me to bring it back."

Lord Penruddock smiled. "I will order it to be sent after you," he said.

But Daisy, trained by the law of obedience as well as love, hesitated. He saw it, and added,

"I will have it brought you, if you will come this way. You are not a Pennant, but I see you have their obstinacy."

"They are not obstinate, my lord, but true to the right," she returned, firmly, yet with no assumption.

"All truth would be pleasant from your lips," he rejoined, and led her down the chief corridor to the grand staircase; thence to the great hall, with its painted ceiling and men in armour.

"Ask for Miss Pennant's basket," he said to a servant in waiting; then, turning to Daisy, added, "It is strange that I should never have spoken to you before. Did Caradoc or Michael Pennant ever tell you of our encounters by flood and field?"

"Never, my lord."

"Did they ever tell you how beautiful you are?"

"Certainly not, my lord. They would not be so bold."

Daisy's face flushed, and her manner became so dignified that Lord Penruddock gazed at her with some surprise.

"Others have probably made you acquainted with the fact?"

“No, my lord. I am not used to compliments. Here is my basket.”

Her manner was quite self-possessed, and as she advanced to meet the man who brought her basket, his lordship wondered more and more. The liveried menial wondered also, but did not venture to speak or look in return for Daisy’s “Thank you. I am sorry to have given you trouble.” She passed through the hall, her basket on her arm. When she reached the ponderous doorway, she turned, curtsied; and went into the court. This was quadrangular and battlemented, light being admitted through each eyeleted merlon. Lord Penruddock followed her, and opened the great gates. He held out his hand as she went through, but she did not give hers in return. She curtsied again, and with a “Good afternoon, my lord,” pursued her way homewards, saying to herself proudly and hotly,

“Mother was right. I wish I had not seen him. I am punished for my curiosity and forwardness. Did he think me bold that he said such words? Carad and Michael, indeed! They love me too well to be so silly. I shall go no more to the Castle while he is there.”

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE WAGON.

IN the midst of her lucubrations Daisy met Miss Manent, accompanied by Mr. Tudor. She was warmly greeted by both; but Miss Manent asked, in affright, if she were late, since Daisy was on her way home. Daisy explained why she had left the Castle earlier than usual, and went on her way. We must leave her for a short space, and join the parson and the governess, as they walk, side by side, slowly towards that lordly seat.

When Lord Penruddock went to school,

Mr. Tudor left to reside with his mother, who lived with her family at the steward's house, some two or three miles from the sea, but in the heart of the Earl's property, and in Craigavon parish. When Mr. Tudor gave Ap Adam notice to quit the vicarage, he was in hopes that the Earl might help to repair it, but he did not. On the contrary, he suggested—in other words ordered—that Mr. Tudor should live with his mother, and aid her in the stewardship until his brother was of age—promising to build him a new vicarage when that period was reached. Mr. Tudor demurred, but the Earl said that he must procure another steward if he could not fall into this arrangement. A fresh steward meant ruin to his mother, brother, and sisters; so he consented. He had hoped to be free to attend to his parish, but he was still hampered by secular work. He was also farther than

ever removed from Monad, which he felt to be a blot in his parish, and the poor vicarage, his proper home, was falling more and more to decay, and tenanted by one of the Earl's bailiffs. He still officiated as chaplain at the Castle, and could, therefore, only give one service at the church ; so that, without any fault of his own, save that of irresolution, his parish was neglected. It was reported that he was attached to Miss Manent, but if so, irresolution, or fear of the omnipotent Earl, still prevailed ; for, if he had told her so, which no one ventured to affirm, there were no declared results.

Miss Manent, however, was much brighter and prettier than when we first made her acquaintance. Whether she was engaged to Mr. Tudor or not, hope had appeared at the bottom of her very deep well ; and, strange to say, it dawned with Daisy. She generally either fetched the child from the

farm, or took her back, and on these occasions she was always hospitably welcomed by the Pennants, and usually met, by some singular coincidence, Mr. Tudor. He not unfrequently sipped the mead with her in the Brynhafod parlour, and possibly while drinking her health, drank in something else: for he had discovered the dove-like softness of her eyes on that day when she had first taken Daisy back to the farm. Hope and Love equally give courage, and one day, when the Countess and Lady Mona were to be many hours absent, she had taken heart to ask leave to pay Mrs. Tudor a visit, and had received it. But that lady, being a woman of business and a managing mother, had not welcomed her so warmly as her son could have desired. She had, nevertheless, at his particular request, invited her from time to time, and when Daisy met her she was returning from a

hasty call at Maesglâs, attended by the Vicar. We will take up the thread of their conversation just where Daisy broke into it.

"I believe they really are going to London in the Spring, and I am to remain with Lady Mona until then," said Miss Manent. "I hope I may not have followed your advice quite in vain."

"In what way did I advise you?" asked Mr. Tudor.

"You said that it would be a grand thing to make of those children a noble man and woman; and I have tried to do my best," she replied, blushing. "I trust I may do better in another situation. The Countess promises to procure me one."

"Another situation! You must not—you shall not! The Vicarage——" stammered Mr. Tudor, and paused.

She evidently did not understand him, for she added,

"I have no home, no relatives, and few friends. The Pennants are my best, and—perhaps—your mother."

"And, assuredly, my mother's son! Oh, Miss Manent, but for the meshes the Earl winds round us all, I should have spoken to you long ago——"

"Hush! there he is! Good-bye," said Miss Manent, hurrying away, as Lord Craigavon appeared in the distance.

"I must summon courage and ask him at once," soliloquized Mr. Tudor.

The Earl was riding down the principal road to the Castle, and Mr. Tudor had parted with Miss Manent on the side-path, so he hoped that she might have escaped notice. But nothing escaped Lord Craigavon. Although his eyes seemed ever turned earthward, he saw and knew everything. Mr. Tudor went towards him, and, after the usual salutations, began his request with

resolution, as he turned and walked by his side towards the great gates, through which Daisy so lately made her exit.

"I have been wanting to speak to you for some time about the Vicarage, my lord. You were so good as to say you would either repair it or build another, when my brother was old enough to take the stewardship."

"What can you want with a Vicarage? You are with your mother, and in your parish?" asked the Earl.

"I wish to settle, my lord."

"Not to marry Miss Manent. She is not suitable. I should not help you to such a settlement. Besides, Mona wants her."

"Your lordship must know she is a lady, and has conducted herself admirably all these years," said Tudor, hotly.

"I know nothing about her, except that she is not a fitting wife for the vicar of this

parish. However, that is not to the point. I am too poor to do anything to the Vicarage at present, for this London journey and season will take all my ready money. I will think about it when we return. Your brother knows nothing of his work. He under-let Maesteg the other day, and will ruin me if he goes on at that rate. You must help him to do his work, or we must find some more efficient steward."

"I have my own stewardship, my lord, and I dare no longer neglect it."

"See to it by all means, and I must see to mine. But I hear Lord Penruddock has returned, and I cannot lose more time."

The Earl rode haughtily off, without even a good day, and Mr. Tudor resumed his way with a sort of hopeless pensiveness in his face. What was he to do? Brave the Earl and perhaps ruin his family, or

continue the middle course he had kept so long without definite results? Let the girl he loved go forth upon the pitiless great world, or marry her in spite of the little world that surrounded him?

As he was debating these questions he entered upon the large farm of Brynhafod, which was separated by the brook, before mentioned, from what was called the park. Sauntering up the meadow, he came upon the wheat-field, nearly cleared of its sheaves. This had been one of David Pennant's experiments, which had so answered as to increase tenfold the value of his property. It had been originally common land to the top of the hill, and he had reclaimed it, turned it into profitable wheat-land.

There was an empty wagon and four horses at the bottom of the hill, surrounded by a little group of people. Mr. Tudor made for it, and found the three Pennants,

Ap Adam, and Daisy, together with Big and little Ben. They were all going up the hill for the last load, and were about to get into the wagon when Mr. Tudor joined them.

"I have tucked up my best gown, grandfather," he heard Daisy say; and as he looked at her picturesque figure he sighed, for he feared that his brother, like the rest of the youths of the parish, was losing his head for her.

"Here's the parson!" cried old Pennant. "Just in time for the last load, Mr. Tudor. Come with us to fetch it, and then return and have a bit of supper—not the harvest-home to-night, but just a snack by way of whetting the appetite."

Mr. Tudor assented, and the party were soon in the wagon, Daisy jumping up with the ease of one who had been used to such feats all her life. She sat down on the

rungs between the old man and Michael on one side, the three others opposite ; the two Bens walked by the horses. The hill was steep, and difficult of ascent, so they were well jolted over the furrows. Now Daisy was hurtled against the farmer, who put his arm round her ; now against Michael, who never ventured such a familiarity. She was sadly anxious about the new gown, and kept it turned up like a balloon, lest wheel or spoke should touch it.

“ You shall have another when that is worn out,” said the farmer, laughing.

“ But mother will be angry if I hurt it,” returned Daisy.

“ Something has gone amiss with you, Parson,” said David Pennant—“ is it the Earl, or the parish, or Owen, or the world in general ? Out with it ; we are all friends here.”

“ It is the Vicarage, farmer. I want it

repaired or rebuilt, and can't get it done," replied Tudor.

"In other words, the Earl declines, and you ejected me to no purpose," said Ap Adam, drily.

"It was not my fault. I wish you were there still," returned the despondent parson.

"But the parish should have a voice in the church and Vicarage; and it is time we saw to the old barns," said David Pennant. "I wager the Earl would not object to our doing his work. It will take time, though. A lady in the case—eh, parson?"

Mr. Tudor sat between the farmer and Ap Adam, and received a sly poke in the ribs from the one, and a nudge from the other. He coloured uneasily.

"I know all about it. A very decent, respectable young woman. Very kind to Daisy. My missus very fond of her. Make

a good parson's wife," continued the farmer. "If she should want a home for a time, now Lady Mona's grown up, she can come to Brynhafod."

"You will have a housefull of us!" ejaculated Ap Adam. "Remember my black Venus takes up one room. What a jolt! Beg your pardon, Daisy; couldn't help it."

Daisy had been thrown over into the parson's lap, and there was a general laugh.

"We can put Daisy with Cleo—— name o' goodness! what's the rest of her name? My memory fails sadly," said the old man.

"Cleopatra, grandfather," laughed Daisy.

Mr. Tudor's face cleared, and a discussion ensued as to the possibility of doing up the Vicarage; but all were of opinion that the Earl's permission must be obtained first.

"Then you will never rebuild it," put in Ap Adam, significantly. "It is well situated for a bailiff's residence, and overlooks

a point that brings salvage to my lord."

"He called you a witch to-day, master," said Daisy; "and said you knew too much."

Whereupon Daisy was requested to detail the conversation she had had with his lordship, which she did; not forgetting his demand upon Michael.

"Since you are so glib with lords and ladies, Daisy," remarked Ap Adam, "you can tell his lordship, in your next interview, that I hope to have the pleasure of bewitching him, and shall be glad to have a dance with him 'round about the cauldron stout.'"

Daisy laughed, but Michael looked grave. He little knew that there was secret intelligence between Ap Adam and his Daisy.

"Is it right to jest about the supernatural, master?" he asked. "I think, father, if you have no objection, I might sometimes help poor old Madoc by playing

for him at the Castle. Not for money, but for him," he added, flushing; for Michael had the family pride and independence.

The farmer's resolute negative was stayed by another jolt, and a resonant "Whoa! whoa!" from Big Ben. They had reached the top of the hill, and the remaining wheat-mows. The sheaves had been stacked as a safeguard against the weather; for, in the late hill-side harvest, they could rarely count upon carrying the wheat at any particular time, so it was put into small, pointed mows, grain inwards, for security. The harvesters were "waiting for the wagon," seated in a group on the hill-top. Below lay the peaceful farm; around, the sea. The heavens were aglow with the blue, purple, and gold of a glorious sunset, for a great globe of fire hung over the western ocean, about, as it would seem, to sink into it. Our friends paused a moment before

setting to work, to gaze on the grandeur of the scene.

"Sustained by the Almighty's hand!" ejaculated old Mr. Pennant, removing his hat reverently, and pointing to the sun.

The wagon was quickly filled with the remaining sheaves, while many a gleaner started up to glean after them, as they were laid upon it. Women and children had already arms and aprons full. Daisy set to work with them, in spite of the silk gown.

"Better not, Miss, *fach* ; you'll be spoiling it," remonstrated the women.

"It is well tucked-up," replied Daisy, filling the chubby hands of a four-year-old with corn-ears.

Gwylfa suddenly joined her and the little girl. He had been sleeping with the shepherd's dog, near a sort of improvised cradle, in which slumbered Aaron's youngest born.

The day's work was done just as the sun

actually set, and the great hill-side wheat-field was cleared.

“Let us praise the Lord of the Harvest,” said the old farmer, as they stood all round about the wagon. “Parson, give out the harvest-hymn. Eye of Day, pitch the tune. Then, my friends, all to the farm to supper.”

Mr. Tudor recited a verse of a fine old Welsh psalm, and Daisy began to sing it. Simultaneously a volume of sweet, full sound filled the evening air, and mounted to the sky. A chorus of larks, hovering above—far, far out of sight—joined the melody, which seemed more of heaven than of earth.

“So shall we sing in the eternal city, my Daisy, when the last great harvest has been gathered in,” whispered Michael; words which Daisy never forgot.

CHAPTER XVII.

PREACHING AT MONAD.

THE following Sunday afternoon the Earl and his son took a walk together along the shore, in the direction of Monad. They were discussing the light on the Esgair, a topic new to Lord Penruddock.

"I hope it may prevent the wrecks, whether it be by witchcraft or not," he said.

"I wish every wrecker were in the place where they send their victims—that is, I suppose, the bottom of the sea."

"Then the best part of your income would cease," replied the Earl, grimly.

"I never thought of that. Do I live upon the ruin of my fellow-creatures?"

"You have the waifs and strays, as Lord of the Manor."

"I never saw one I coveted yet, except that pretty girl at Brynhafod. How lovely she is!"

The Earl's dark face grew darker, but he made no reply. They walked on in silence. The tide was low, and they picked their way through the patches of sand and shingle, until they reached the point of rock that protected the little bay of Monad, and within which the hamlet stood. As they were about to round it they were arrested by a full, clear voice. It seemed as if some one were singing a "hymn without words," that quiet Sabbath afternoon. Lord Penraddock fancied he had heard the voice before, and if so, it must have been at church that morning, whither he had gone, ostensibly to

pray, really to look at Daisy. The family from the Castle rarely went to church, but were content with the one service in their private chapel. The voice pierced the air alone for a few seconds, and was then joined by many others, so that a volume of sound arose, and reached the listeners.

“It is some canting Methodist preaching to the fishermen,” said the Earl, glancing round the point.

Lord Penruddock looked also, and both paused in their walk to contemplate the scene before them. They were themselves hidden from observation by a huge boulder.

On the beach below the huts, standing near a large stone, was Daisy, surrounded by a score of ragged children, and Gwylfa at her side. At a little distance was Michael, also the centre of a group of men and women. They had books in their hands, and were leading the hymn, which the small

and motley congregation followed. One or two sailors were lounging about, quietly smoking their pipes, and listening, while a few old people sat at the doors of the huts. The landlady of the beershop, her arms akimbo, her face defiant, also filled her doorway. It was a fresh, grey October day, and the small rocky amphitheatre was colourless as the whitewashed walls of a church. Here and there, however, the reddening ferns and lichens gave it life and light; as did the landlady's red shawl to the brown huts, and Daisy's scarlet cloak to the shingly beach. The sea in front was greenish-grey, and its white ripples, like so many flounces, served to break, but not disturb, its monotony. The scene was essentially peaceful; and even the Earl seemed arrested by it for the moment. His son was apparently spell-bound, and gazed so earnestly on Daisy that he proposed taking

a path over the cliffs, instead of past Monad.

"I should like to hear what they have to say to these outlaws," returned Lord Penruddock, "and will join you afterwards."

But this did not suit the Earl, who, although he never contradicted his son—never refused him anything—occasionally circumvented him in secret.

"We can pass through them," he said.

But this was contrary to his son's views.

"They will disperse at once, and the preacher and teacher will be too terrified to proceed," he remarked. "We will stop here."

So they remained, concealed by the rock.

Michael was stationed near enough to their standpoint to be heard with tolerable distinctness. Daisy and her class were inaudible from distance, so that, when the hymn ceased, it was the discourse of the former that reached them, while Lord Pen-

ruddock's eyes were riveted on the latter. She seated herself on her stone, and began to teach the children to read ; while Michael, a Bible in his hand, read and explained verse by verse a portion of the Sermon on the Mount. Both he and his parents had sometimes wished that he should be a clergyman, but delicate health and his love of farming, combined, had prevented it. Perhaps, also, in his strange unselfishness of nature, he had given place to his brother, for they had settled between them that both could not possibly leave home, and he knew that Caradoc's soul had soared beyond the wheat-field. Still he was a preacher, not only by the innocence and purity of his daily life, but by the Spirit of God.

Sometimes, therefore, when Mr. Tudor was engaged elsewhere, he would boldly speak to the godless people of Monad, who

had been, as he expressed it to Daisy, "on his heart from his childhood." And thus he had paved the way for her. She offered to teach the children, and was somewhat ungraciously permitted. They had not long begun the work, and were, therefore, comparatively new to it; but Daisy was feeling her way towards inviting her class to their old schoolroom, when the Winter came.

As Michael expounded the portion he had chosen of the 6th chapter of St. Matthew, to the best of his ability, his voice rose with his subject, and his manner became animated. His hearers made their remarks and interjections as he proceeded, without respect either to person or text.

"Haven't got no treasure to lay up; the Earl gets all the treasure," grumbled a sailor, removing his pipe from his mouth. "The Tower and Castle are full enough, I'll be bound."

This man was sitting on a piece of rock, between the Earl and the preacher, so that this unpalatable truth reached the present and future lords of the soil.

"We must fix our hearts on the Lord, and not on the world, then we shall find the treasure we want to lay up, in Heaven, where no thief will break through to steal it," explained Michael. "Of what use to gain the whole world if we lose our own souls?"

"Don't know anything of heaven or souls," grumbled a bystander ; "but I should like plenty of money."

"Listen to this : 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,' or the devil, or riches," continued Michael. "Choose this day, this very Sunday, which you will serve."

"Not the Earl," growled a voice somewhere.

"Oh ! make choice of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has preached this sermon for

you, and died for you," pleaded Michael.

"Come away," said the Earl to his son, in a savage voice, taking him by the arm.

"No ; I will understand what the impudent curs mean," replied Lord Penruddock, breaking from his father, and scrambling over the nearest piece of rock.

He was instantly in the midst of the congregation. Michael's words were arrested on his lips. Daisy's book fell ; and the people stared, half in surprise, half in fright.

"What do you all mean by preaching and speaking against the Earl of Craigavon ?" cried Lord Penruddock, hotly, facing Michael and the man lounging against the rock near him. "How dare you farmers, fishermen, and wreckers befoul his lordship's name !"

"Wreckers !" growled Davy Jones. "Who says we're wreckers ? Prove it, my young lord."

“Everybody knows it; and were I Earl of Craigavon I would banish you from the land.”

“There are two to that bargain, my lord. We’re safe enough while we get the blame and the Earl the profit.”

“Hush! Davy, hush!” sounded on all sides; and “Hush! my lord!” was whispered into Lord Penruddock’s ear.

The whisperer was Evan the Tower, who had limped forth from the little crowd. He had been slightly lame ever since the accident at Careg Mawr.

“Scoundrel! unsay your vile words!” cried Lord Penruddock, past himself already, and nearing Davy Jones, who looked wicked enough for anything.

“I only said as the Earl is Lord of the Manor, and gets the booty; and you said as we were lords of the manor, and got it,” he growled, impudently.

Lord Penruddock's hand was raised to give the man a blow, when it was suddenly stayed by a word and touch.

"Remember the day, my lord," said Michael; while Daisy, who had joined the group, grasped the arm.

Lord Penruddock turned fiercely, and met her reproachful, terrified glance. His arm fell. There was a momentary pause, and the people slunk away to the huts by twos and threes; all except Davy, Evan, and a man or so who lingered at a distance.

"We are teaching them the Gospel, my lord," said Daisy, fearlessly meeting his eyes. "Michael was preaching from the Saviour's own sermon. He said nothing to offend."

Lord Penruddock turned towards her.

"Why are you alone amid such ruffians?" he asked.

"I am with my brother," she replied, pointing to Michael.

"Go, Davy, go round the point, urged Michael and Evan, while this was passing.

Davy moved sulkily away, backing towards the spot indicated; then, scrambling over the stone, recently surmounted by Lord Penruddock, found himself face to face with the Earl, who had been listening to all that had passed. Countenances sometimes speak more distinctly than words. It was so with these two men. They glanced at one another, but neither spoke. The fisherman touched his hat by a natural impulse, while he looked dogged and wicked. The Earl sought his usual refuge, and cast his eyes on the ground. When he raised them the man was gone.

"He has escaped, has he?" said Lord Penruddock. "He may thank you, Miss

Pennant, that he got off whole of limb.
What did the fellow mean?"

"It is only his way, my lord," said Evan the Tower.

"He knows no better," said Michael Pennant.

"How long have you turned preacher?" asked his lordship, scornfully.

"Only a few months, my lord," replied Michael quietly, moving to Daisy's side.
"We can do no more to-day, Daisy; perhaps we had better go home," he added.

"Stay a moment. Do you practise what you preach? Have you forgiven me for trying to throw you over the cliff?" asked Penruddock.

"I had forgotten it, my lord," returned Michael, simply.

"But I have not, nor the eagle's nest, nor the tower."

Further confessions were prevented by

the sudden appearance of the Earl, waiting at a little distance.

"When are you coming again to see my sister? She tells me you are going to London with her," said Lord Penruddock, hastily, to Daisy.

"I think not, my lord," she answered; while Michael looked suspiciously at the young man.

"Penruddock!" shouted the Earl.

"I have dispersed your ruffianly congregation, and must now leave your conventicle myself," said Lord Penruddock, whose manners and moods were as changeable as the waves before him. "Good day, Pennant. *Au revoir, la Marguerite.*"

Michael lifted his hat, and Daisy curtsied, while the bloom heightened on her fair cheek.

"I'm glad he has gone. Come into the cottages," said Michael.

"Yet is he kind and comely," remarked Daisy, glancing after the easy, careless figure.

"Evan!" shouted the Earl, when Lord Penruddock turned his back on Daisy.

Terrified Evan limped towards him.

"See that these gatherings cease, and keep your eye on Davy Jones," were the orders he received.

"Yes, my lord," was his submissive response.

"Why should they cease, father?" asked Lord Penruddock, as Evan disappeared. "I heard nothing but religious twaddle, rather likely to improve the natives than not. Those pig-headed Pennants mean well, but not so the villainous people of Monad. They would as soon murder you or me as a half-drowned man."

The Earl started, and turned even paler than usual. Though tyrannical, he was not brave, and the idea of death, whether

by natural or violent means, was not pleasant to him.

“Murder !” he muttered, and quickened his pace, as if the avenger were already at his back.

His son laughed reassuringly, and took his arm within his. The Earl glanced round ; then, with his eyes on the ground, whispered slowly the words—

“For God’s sake don’t speak to me of murder, Edward !”

“Then let us talk of love,” responded the son, lightly. “Is not Mona better already ?—has not the presence of Everard worked wonders ? I am the best doctor, after all.”

“Everard—Everard,” muttered the father. “He is penniless, poorer than—than we are. Surely he is not bold enough to think of Mona. My daughter ! your sister !”

"You can manage to set them up in life, father. Love in a cottage is better than hate in a palace. He is a good fellow, a soldier, handsome, accomplished, and——"

"A spendthrift," supplied the gloomy Earl.

"Better spend than hoard," said his son, to which came no reply.

The silence that ensued was broken by an exclamation from Lord Penruddock.

"There she is! What a dainty little figure!"

The Earl looked back, and saw Michael and Daisy scrambling up a rough cliff-path outside the Monad inclosure.

"I am sure she must be a lady," he continued. "She has the movements, manners, voice of a gentlewoman. Even in that costume it is unmistakable. I suppose her friends were lost in the wreck."

“What can it signify to you?” asked the Earl.

“Love in a farm, perhaps, father; who can tell?” was the careless rejoinder.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRISTMAS AND CARAD.

“CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,” was a favourite aphorism of old Mr. Pennant’s. Indeed, all his family used it and acted upon it. When Christmas did come they kept it royally, giving both to the poor and to the Lord, and fostering old customs abroad and at home.

On Christmas Eve, therefore, everyone was astir at the farm. Mrs. Pennant and Daisy made plum-puddings and mince pies enough for a score of farms; while the customary boar’s head and beef, faggots and

logs, mistletoe and evergreens, were hauled in.

When the evening really arrived, and the preparations were completed, the family assembled in the hall, while the farm labourers were invited to a preparatory supper in the kitchen. A huge fire blazed in both chimneys, sending up flames that would have set fire to less substantial and roomy compartments, but that only served, as was their duty, to warm and enliven the rooms and their inmates. The walls and windows were ornamented with holly and evergreens, and in the latter strange devices appeared. Daisy had formed leafy stars in the quaint panes with much trouble, through the points of which an inquisitive December moon peeped; the curtains were still undrawn, so that the Frost King also looked in, and a bright, happy scene they witnessed.

Daisy was chasing old Farmer Pennant

round and round the "mistletoe bough" that hung in the middle of the hall. She declared that he should be the first to be kissed beneath its berries, and he playfully eluded her. Michael was aiding her in her efforts to entrap him, while his father, from his seat on the settle, caught him by the coat-tails, or Daisy by the gown, whenever they chanced to be near enough. Mrs. Pennant dozed as usual over her knitting on one side of the chimney-corner, and Ap-Adam pored over a book in the firelight, to the danger of his eyesight, in the other.

Daisy caught the old man at last, right under the mistletoe, and jumped upon his neck.

"I have you, grandfather!" she cried, and a loving kiss sounded.

At the same moment some one quietly opened the front door and stepped from the passage into the hall, where he stood a mo-

ment, unobserved. He was a fine, dark, handsome man, with a countenance so remarkable for variety of expression that, even during the few moments he remained unnoticed, it changed frequently. As he glanced round the room there was a tender, almost tearful, light in his eyes, and when they fell on the pair beneath the mistletoe, the whole face kindled into a smile, sweet and joyous as Spring sunshine.

"Now it is thy turn, Michael," said old Mr. Pennant, releasing Daisy.

Michael stood irresolute, and Daisy made believe to run away. They were as brother and sister, and the mistletoe kiss quite natural to both. But as she turned, in her mirthful shamming, she nearly ran into the stranger's arms. Starting back, she looked at him a moment, while he gazed at her, half pleased, half pained, for she seemed to withdraw as from a really unknown person.

"Carad ! father ! mother ! It is Carad !" she cried, and ran, in her eagerness, to arouse Mrs. Pennant.

It was Caradoc ; and in less time than it takes to tell he was surrounded by his family. He had not been home for nearly three years ; a journey to and from London in those days being lengthy and expensive. His mother clung to him, shedding tears of joy ; the men wrung his hand ; but Daisy, where was she ? She stood apart, looking on, big dew-drops in the violets. Carad, her hero, her knight, her king, had come home, and she had no word to say. But he spoke for her, at last holding out both hands.

"Is it really Daisy ?" he asked, smiling half incredulously.

She gave him hers, and her eyes drooped as she did so.

Michael, watching her, saw it, and won-

dered why she blushed, and why Carad did not embrace her. But speculations ceased in the joy of reunion, and he forgot that his brother had left Daisy a child, and found her a woman. Daisy, who had the rare gifts of self-possession and unselfishness combined, ran to the kitchen with the good news. Marget was in the hall immediately, with her arms unceremoniously round Caradoc, and the words, "Name o' goodness, how big he's grown!" on her lips.

"Well, there's enough of him," remarked his father.

"Come, all of you, and see him," said Daisy, and returned to her friends, followed by a troop of ploughmen, ploughboys, shepherds, and their families.

Caradoc had enough to do to shake hands with them all, and receive their delighted congratulations on his return.

"He's as fine a gentleman as my Lord Penruddock," whispered one.

"And a deal finer. He's bigger and taller," another.

"He'd be making a grand lord," a third.

"They're telling me as it was Pennant, Craigavon Castle, once upon a time, not Penruddock," a fourth.

"If it was now, things would be different," a fifth.

These and the like remarks were continued in the farm-kitchen after the kindly people left the hall: and, certainly, if a goodly presence is a type of nobility and ancient lineage, Caradoc must have had good blood in his veins. And so he had. Not only the crimson streams that had their source in some ancient knight of King Arthur's court, but the still purer and brighter of God-fearing, honest forefathers.

As he stood between two of these, a

watery mist in his thoughtful eyes, surrounded by the peasants, who had been born, bred, and nurtured on their farm, it would have been difficult to find three finer specimens of the yeoman descended from the noble; for it may be well to repeat, a Pennant was actually Lord of Craigavon before the Norman got possession of it. Tradition and a long roll of parchment containing one of those pedigrees, concerning which it has been the fashion to jibe the Welsh, attested this fact. The Welsh in those days were even prouder than in these, of being genuine, unadulterated Britons; and had not yet forgiven their Saxon and Norman conquerors.

“Go you away, and let the poor boy warm himself,” said Marget, authoritatively, to her friends. “Ach! but he is cold. Warm you him some ale, Miss Daisy, while I go and make some buttered toast.”

"Swimming in butter, Marget—you remember?" laughed Caradoc. "A cup of tea, if I may be so extravagant, Daisy."

Marget nodded, and disappeared with the rest, while Daisy and Mrs. Pennant began to spread the board.

"I will do it, mother. Go and sit down by Carad," said Daisy; and Mrs. Pennant, obedient still, took her old place.

"Let me sit by you once more, mother *fach*," said Caradoc. "Michael, come here. We are almost too big for the three-legged stools now."

They all gathered into the chimney-corner round the fire, while Daisy moved from cupboard to table, and kitchen to hall, and noiselessly prepared the general supper, while Caradoc's especial tea was brewing.

"You are come home for good now, Carad," said Mrs. Pennant, her eyes brimful of tears.

"If you wish it, mother. But we will talk of that another time."

"I suppose you are equal to killing and curing all the parish by this time," said his father. "You'll have to begin with Michael."

Caradoc put his arm round his brother in the old way, and looked into his face. Letters had rarely passed between them, and he had heard little of the family health. Correspondence was, like travelling, slow and expensive, when there were neither railroads nor penny posts, and people only wrote when they had something important to communicate. He had, therefore, much to learn and all to tell.

"I have had good experience, father, both in the hospitals, and as assistant to Dr. Moore," he said. "I will, as you suggest, practise a little upon Michael, until I get a reputation."

"Bleed, leech, and blister him, I suppose,"

put in Ap Adam. "No good to be before one's age."

"You exposed that system to me, Master, and I have had battles enough about it," replied Caradoc. "But I think light is dawning, and Nature will conquer at last. If you will join partnership, we should help her on."

"Too late. Besides, I'm only a quack. How is old Moore!"

"Well; and asks me to be his partner."

"Then God be praised, thou hast been a good lad!" said the old farmer, fervently.

Daisy planted herself behind his chair, and stood there a moment to listen. The eyes of both brothers were fixed upon her, and she met Caradoc's frankly, yet not without a blush.

"Surely it cannot be Daisy!" he repeated, dreamily.

"But who else should it be, my dear?"

said Mrs. Pennant, half offended at the doubt. "Whom did you expect here except Daisy? I'm sure I want no other? She's been a blessed daughter to me."

"And to us all. She is ever our Eye of Day," said the old man, putting his arm round her.

"It is to be hoped that you won't help to spoil her, Carad," said the farmer. "She is the vainest puss in the county."

The conversation was interrupted, much to Daisy's comfort, by the entrance of Gwylfa, who usually walked in about supper-time, from his evening visit to the beach. He was a methodical dog, and punctual to meals as to duty. He took a survey of the party round the fire, and saw Caradoc. Only those who have witnessed a dog's joy at meeting a friend after long separation could understand how, old though he was, he leapt from the ground,

gave a bark that sounded almost a human cry of eager delight, and jumped upon his old master. His fore-legs round his neck, his tongue to his face, his brown eyes beaming with love, he hugged his friend; while Caradoc, quite overcome, put his arms round his damp, shaggy coat, and half whispered, "I was looking for thee, old friend."

The family group was now complete, and the Christmas Eve perfect.

Marget came in with a dish of fried eggs and bacon, and the circle was broken only to form a fresh one round the supper-table.

"May I pour out his tea, mother?" asked Daisy.

"She wants to show off the fashionable ways she has learnt at the Castle," said David Pennant. "Look at her, Carad. That's how my Lady Mona holds the tea-

pot. This new-fashioned tea is only cat-lap. Better stick to the wholesome home-brewed."

But Daisy only laughed. She was used to the farmer's jests; and Carad glanced at the graceful head as it bent over the tiny cup and saucer.

He had enough to do to answer questions, not only concerning himself, but London, where no one else present had ever been, except, perhaps, Ap Adam. That gentleman was more greedy of news than the others, and made so many inquiries that Marget rebuked him with, "Let the lad eat his supper, Master. You keep his mouth open, but won't let him put anything into it."

"It's big enough, anyhow," said the farmer.

"I'm sure, David, he's got a very pretty mouth: he always had," interfered Mrs. Pennant.

"Your geese were always swans, mother," returned her husband.

There was a general laugh; while everybody professed to look inquisitively at Caradoc's mouth—visible, because clean shaven.

"Stay with Carad, dear mother. I will see to everything," whispered Daisy, when supper was over; and she slipped away.

"I cannot yet believe in her, mother," said Caradoc, smiling, and laying his hand on Mrs. Pennant's. "She is so much taller than I expected. And she is grown into such a lady!"

"She was always tall and lady enough for us, my dear," rejoined his mother, who was easy, and content with things as they were, wanting no change. "I hope you won't put London notions into her head. There's Lady Mona who has been doing that already."

"That I certainly shall not. A daisy is lovely in the meadow, but lost or soiled in the street," replied Caradoc, tenderness in his voice.

"Well said, my ex-scholar!" cried Ap Adam.

Meanwhile Daisy was in Caradoc's room, arranging and rearranging it. She had already placed holly and evergreens there, and the bed was always ready. She took a Bible and hymn-book from the shelf and put them on his table; then she dusted his books and curiosities for the hundredth time. While she was thus occupied, Marget came in with the time-honoured warming-pan, and carefully passed it over every inch of the snow-white linen.

"Mother airs it almost every day," said Daisy, smiling. "At any rate it can't be frost-bitten."

"I daresay they haven't no warming-pans

in London," remarked Marget, rubbing away with satisfaction.

"Do you think there is anything else, Marget?" asked Daisy, glancing round.

Marget set her arms akimbo, and looked also.

"Well, no. I must say it is as tidy as a new-washen dish," was the reply. "Now go you down to the kitchen, for they're expecting you; and Michael's like a hen with one chick when you're away."

Daisy found all her friends assembled there. The farm people were drinking Caradoc's health in Welsh ale, and the rafters, with their goodly show of sides of bacon, hams, dried herbs, and ropes of onions, shook at their cheering. She stood by Michael's side, while Caradoc returned thanks heartily, and wished everybody a merry Christmas. The chimney-corner was full of old people, who were rejoicing in the

warmth after supper, and he was standing amongst them. He certainly deserved, personally at least, the praises they bestowed upon him ; for he was as good-looking a young man, and as kindly-mannered, as any in the county. So also thought Daisy, as she watched him.

“ You said you would not be alive when I came back, Shanno,” he remarked to an old woman. “ But here I am ; and, indeed, there’s no place in the world like home.”

“ Thank God that my eyes are spared me to see you again, Carad *bach* ! I’m turned my fourscore and nineteen. I’m in my hundred,” she replied.

“ And I am over fourscore, Shanno,” broke in old Mr. Pennant. “ Let us return thanks to our Father in heaven for His mercies to us, His undeserving children.”

The word went round, and all present knelt down, while the head of the family

and the farm thanked the Giver of all good for the return of his grandson, and for the manifold mercies vouchsafed to every individual, not only in this life, but in the prospect of a still better life, through the atonement and long-suffering of His beloved Son, whose birth into the world they hoped to celebrate on the-morrow. When they rose from their knees, they all sang a Christmas carol, which Daisy led.

"Now we must separate, if we wish to be at the Plygain to-morrow morning," said David Pennant, with his jovial heartiness. "Carad, what do you think about it? I wager you and the Master will be snoring while we are at church."

"I hope not, father. I think I had Plygain on my heart every Christmas Day in London; for I could not sleep after four, and used to get up, light a taper, and think of you all at home."

"And of the angels and the blessed birth, I hope, my boy," replied his father.

Carad bowed his head.

"He is speaking Welsh just as well as ever," remarked an old man. "They are not speaking it in London, I suppose, Master Carad?"

"No, Shonny. They disdain our ancient tongue, and laugh at what they call my brogue."

"Then," remarked Ap Adam, in English, "they fail to say, with the gallant Mortimer,

' For thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,
Sung by a fair queen in a Summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute."

"They rather mimic my initial consonants, and call me Fluellen. But I maintain that Shakespeare did not thoroughly understand Welshy English," replied Caradoc.

"Have you seen a tragedy of Shake-

speare's acted?" asked Daisy, enthusiastically, suddenly facing Caradoc, and fixing her eyes on his.

"I have, Daisy. I have seen 'Hamlet.'"

"I wish I had been there!" cried Daisy.

"You three must keep your Saesoneg for the quality, and speak plain Cwmraeg to us poor folk," said David Pennant.

"And, Carad, my dear, you must have some hot posset before you go to bed, for fear you should take cold," spake Mrs. Pennant, with maternal instinct.

Both orders were obeyed, after which Caradoc went to his room, and saw, with wondering gratitude, how carefully it had been tended, and how well the treasures he had gathered from boyhood up had been kept. Something like tears filled his eyes as he murmured, his hand resting on the

Book of Life, "No: I must not—I cannot leave them again. The world has nothing to offer so pure and sweet as home."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





